THE CHARACTER OF LOVE, Guided by INCLINATION

Inſtanced in Two true Hiſtories.

Tranſlated out of French.

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THE CHARACTER OF LOVE, Guided by INCLINATION.

A Man of Quality, not having Eſtate enough to ſupport his Quality and Birth at the Court, was forced to retire into the Countrey; and eſpecially becauſe the Peace, which then reigned throughout all *Europe*, bereaved him of the hopes of thoſe Employments,

which he might pretend to in a time of War: his Name was *Polydamus*. This made him chooſe to ſettle in one of the greateſt Province-Cities of this Kingdom, where having married a Lady of Riches and Quality, whoſe Name was *Olympia*, he lived with a great deal of Conſideration and Splendor.

Polydamus and *Olympia* having lived ſeveral years without having any Children, were at length rewarded by Heaven for this long and patient expectation, with a Son. To this Son they gave the Name of *Alcander*, who being born of a Family, wherein Wit and Vertue were as it were hereditary, and his Veins filled with illuſtrious Blood, promiſed all that could be hoped for, from ſo happy a Birth. Theſe Parents did not, as moſt Fathers and Mothers do, leave the Education of their Children ſolely to the Conduct of Tutors and Governours, whoſe mercenary Souls make them very often little concern themſelves with the Improvement of the Children they are intruſted with. *Olympia*, Mother to *Alcander*, hardly ſuffer'd him to go out of her ſight; and *Polydamus*, his Father, who was as it were the Overſeer of his Edu-

Education, had always an eye to the Conduct of thoſe who governed him, to correct them when they committed any Error, and to encourage them when they ſhewed any remiſsneſs.

In the firſt years of his Infancy, *Alcander* made the Tenderneſs of his Parents, and the Skill of his Maſters become deſperate. He had a Fieryneſs in his Mind, which nothing was able to ſtop: His Motions were ſo ſudden and violent, that for a long time he was thought uncapable of Diſcipline. Whatever he had a mind to, he deſired with an invincible Heat, and an unſupportable Obſtinacy; yet this Mind which nothing could tame, had Intervals which diſcover'd in it a great and a charming Goodneſs. He made appear at ſeveral times in his Actions and Words an admirable Nature, a great generoſity of Mind and Courage, a great deal of Reaſon, Equity, and a Love for all great things; but nothing was able to fix him, or make him tractable, either for the Exerciſes of the Mind or Body. This extream eagerneſs of Mind, and this Intractability, which was thought unconquerable, laſted till he was 15 years old: And it is here we are to

admire the power of Inclination, and the ſurprizing Effect it had upon *Alcander.*

Lirana, who was a Friend and Neighbour to *Olympia*, had a Daughter called *Celintha*, who often was in company with *Alcander*, ſhe often coming to viſit *Olympia. Celintha* had a tolerable Beauty, an agreeableneſs and a ſweetneſs in her Temper, and a great ſtock of Goodneſs in her Heart, which was her principal Merit: And as ſhe was ſome years older than he was, ſhe had over him ſome ſuperiority of Reaſon, and a great Aſcendant. This Commerce which the conveniency of the Neighbourhood kept up, doubled it ſelf by Pleaſure and Cuſtom, and this Cuſtom inſenſibly became a Neceſſity to *Alcander*; he could now no more be ſatisfied without ſeeing *Celintha*; his Mind, which nothing before could ſettle, now applies it ſelf ſolely to *Celintha*; he neither lives, acts, nor ſighs but for her: And that which is moſt wonderful, is, that *Alcander* who loved Beauty, and who ſuffer'd himſelf to be taken every time it preſented it ſelf before him, finds in *Celintha* an I know not what, which makes him forget all the Beau-

Beauties of the World; his desire of seeing her, became violent, hasty and restless. *Olympia* who had always her eyes upon her Son, was the first that perceived it; she soon found that this Passion for a young Gentlewoman, whose Wit or Beauty had nothing of extraordinary in them, and who had nothing in her which should cause any great Passions, could proceed from nothing, but that blind Inclination, and that invincible Instinct, which makes us sometimes love Persons, who have nothing that is amiable in them in the eyes of others.

This sort of Passion which is so violent, even in those who are fortified with Reason and Experience, is much more so in the Minds of those who know neither Love nor Reason, and who give it more power by Ignorance, and the weakness of their Age. This had produced such great Effects upon *Alcander*, that to oppose such a dangerous beginning, *Olympia* resolved to break the Commerce which he had with *Celintha*. She had at first allowed of her frequent Visits, because she was glad to see her Son was capable of fixing his Mind upon any thing; but seeing that this Engage-

ment went too far, ſhe thought it neceſſary, without any delay, to hinder the Conſequences. This Remedy was worſe than the Diſeaſe; for if her Sons Thoughts were naturally too much diſtracted by his too great vivacity of Mind, they were yet much more ſo by the heat of his Paſſion, and by the continual Diſturbances which the abſence of *Celintha* cauſed in him. This impetuous Vivacity which appeared in all his Actions, yielding at laſt to a deadly Melancholy, he was ſoon ſeen to fall into a deep and laſting Thoughtfulneſs, which made *Olympia* very much apprehend the conſequence of ſo prodigious a Change. This fear cauſed her to take another method for his Cure: She had a Neece, whoſe Name was *Parthenia*, whom ſhe tenderly loved, and ſhe invited to accompany her, many young Ladies of her own Age and Quality, who helping to divert her, made uſe at the ſame time of their Wit and Beauty to amuſe *Alcander*, and to divert him from, or at leaſt to weaken the Paſſion he had for *Celintha*. Theſe Ladies, who were but juſt out of their Childhood, had however heard the noiſe, which this new and ſo extraordinary a

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Paſſion of *Alcander* for *Celintha* had made ſo that they conceived towards her a ſort of Jealouſie, or Envy, or Emulation, which made them forget nothing of what their Age could furniſh, of little Plays and Paſtimes, to divert the ſad *Alcander*, and to pleaſe him. Their Endeavours ſucceeded well at firſt; *Alcander*'s Paſſion ſeemed to lye aſleep ſometimes, but alſo at other times, even in the midſt of his Pleaſures and Diverſions, this Paſſion would awaken it ſelf with ſo much force, that he often fell on a ſudden into a diſmal Melancholy. Theſe little Rivals of *Celintha* were offended at it; for there is a little jealous Pride incident to all Ages: They could not reſtrain themſelves from letting it appear, and took at theſe Diſturbances of *Alcander* ſuch offence, as uſually wounds Beauties ſo cruelly, when they ſee themſelves neglected; one diſcovers a great deal of Sharpneſs and Anger; another in a low Tone, but loud enough to be heard, terms the Paſſion he has for *Celintha*, a ridiculous Whimſie. What mortal Wounds did not theſe Diſcourſes make in the heart of the amorous *Alcander*? What Efforts did not he make to reſtrain his Reſentment and Im-

patience? And to what a degree was his Pride, which was little leſs than his Love, humbled to ſee himſelf, for a Perſon, of whom ſo little account was made, ſo great a Slave to a Paſſion, which he was not able to overcome? Having at laſt maſter'd the Tranſports with which he was agitated, and being willing to ſpeak to excuſe himſelf, and juſtifie his Paſſion, all the Company left him upon a ſudden, and leaves him in a ſtrange Confuſion. *Parthenia*, who was not leſs provoked than her Friends, by the procedure of *Alcander*, made him ſuch Reproaches, as made him deſperate. *Ah my deareſt Kinſwoman*, ſaid he, with a Tone which was able to diſarm the moſt juſt Reſentment, *If you knew the violence which I have done to my ſelf, to bring me again to my ſelf, and to render me ſome way acceptable to thoſe lovely Perſons, whoſe quarrel you ſo juſtly take up, you would have ſome pity on an unhappy man, whom you now think worthy of your Anger! You do not know the Torment I have ſuffer'd, in ſeeing my ſelf forced to entertain Perſons that are indifferent to me, and to make anſwer to them all, whilſt I ſpoke at the bottom of my heart to none but the Perſon I love: What was I*

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able to do, or what was it in my power to ſay in a place where I ſaw no body, but a Perſon who was not there?

Polydamus, who was a ſevere, and an imperious Father, and who for a long time had been from his own houſe, upon affairs of great Importance, heard at his Return with great Affliction, the head-ſtrong-paſſion his Son had for *Celintha*; and he having hoped to find in *Alcander* wherewith to re-eſtabliſh his Family, and to call back Fortune, which had almoſt abandon'd it, ſeeing nothing in *Celintha*'s Fortune, which was not much below his Ambition, and the Projects of Preferment, which he had formed for his Son, was reſolved to remove him to a greater diſtance from *Celintha*, and to carry him to an Eſtate he had in an another Country. He forms his Deſign with Precipitation, not ſo much as conſulting even with *Olympia*; he gives his Orders, and the Execution of them is ſo quick, that *Alcander* has not time to take leave of *Celintha*. So ſoon as *Polydamus* was arrived at his Country-houſe, not being ignorant of his Son's Grief, nor wanting natural Affection, he endeavours to divert him with all that a fine Houſe can have of Diver-

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ſions and Pleaſures. He now expects from him but a ſleight Application to his Study and Exerciſes, and diſpenſes with thoſe rigorous Duties to which his ſeverity was accuſtomed indiſpenſably to oblige him. But all that *Polydamus* can do for his Son cannot comfort him for the Abſence of *Celintha*; all the Pleaſure he finds in the Liberty allowed to him by his Father, is ſometimes to ſteal from thoſe which accompany him, and to go into ſome retired private place to enjoy this Grief, and taſte the only Pleaſure left to the unfortunate, that is, to ſhed Tears with freedom; which cruel Decency forces them ſometimes to refrain. The Image of *Celintha* took him up ſo much, that being come to the Bank of a little Brook, which divided the Lands belonging to *Polydamus* from thoſe of one of his Neighbours; and ſeeing a young Lady who came upon the Bank on the other ſide of the River, he thought he ſaw *Celintha*, and without heſitating, threw himſelf into a little Boat which was there, and came near her before ſhe could perceive him; *Is it you* (cryed he) *my deareſt* Celintha? *Is it you* (anſwered ſhe) *Liſidor*? So after having

having looked upon each other with ſome Diſorder and Shame, for having been miſtaken, they asked each other Pardon for the Error they both had fallen into: *It is then* (ſaid *Alcander*) *the charming* Philiſmena *which I ſee. It is then* (replied ſhe at the ſame inſtant) *the Illuſtrious* Alcander *which I ſee. I know* (ſaid ſhe) *by common report the ſeverity of your Parents, and the Reaſons which have forced you to remove ſo far from your uſual abode; whatever coldneſs there may be between our Families, the advantageous things which have been told me of you, do make me intereſt my ſelf in all that concerns you; and if I did not owe my ſelf ſome Thoughts of Pity for Misfortunes, which are very like to yours, you ſhould have all my Tears, and all my Compaſſion. Alas!* (replied *Alcander*) *Is there in the World then another Example of a Misfortune like mine? My Misfortune is the more to be pitied, becauſe there are few who pity me. I love* Celintha, *but her merit being not ſufficiently known to others, People cannot believe nor conceive the greatneſs of my Suffering, becauſe they cannot be perſwaded of the Violence of my Paſſion. I love* Liſidor, (replied *Philiſmena*) *be it of a noble Extraction, but low in the World,*

World, and of ſmall Fortune. My Parents who have Eyes only for Riches, ſee nothing of Lovely in his Perſon; and I am moved by another ſort of merit; I find in Liſidor *all that can give birth to a true eſteem, and to the greateſt Paſſions. But ſince I have ſaid too much in ſaying I love* Liſidor, *I may venture to truſt you with the knowledge of all my adventures, and by this Relation give ſome eaſe to the cruel Torments which oppreſs me.*

My Mother, who, notwithſtanding all the tenderneſs ſhe has for me, who am her only Daughter, and one of the richeſt Heireſſes in the Province, breeds me up with a ſtrictneſs which is almoſt without Example, and endeavours to breed in me a horrible averſion for all that can be called Love and Gallantry. She keeps me, as much as poſſible, from any Converſation with Men, and makes me live ſolitary in the middle of a great Town; and ſhe, fearing ſome Engagement, which might hinder her diſpoſing of me as ſhe would, and ſeeing ſome ſparks of Goodneſs and Complaiſance in me, uſes all her endeavours to inſpire me with contrary Sentiments; all her Leſſons tend to give me a ſavage, and an ungentile Vertue, and to poſſeſs my mind with more Severeneſs than Civility.

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What my Mother does out of the motives of Pride and Ambition, my Father does out of Policy and Covetouſneſs. He would chuſe a Son-in-law as rich as himſelf, and allowing nothing to be good, but the Goods of Fortune; he accounts the moſt glorious merit ridiculous without them.

Liſidor, whoſe unfortunate merit is one of the moſt juſt Reproaches which may be caſt upon Fortune, and one of the greateſt Inſtances of her Injuſtice grew up; and becauſe the little Eſtate he had, he held from my Father, he behaved himſelf to him, as a Tenant ought to do to his Lord: the ſmall Proportion which there was between his Family and mine, gave him a very eaſie acceſs to us both in the Town, and in the Country. This young Gentleman poſſeſt every thing which could make him to be beloved; and this reſpectful Familiarity, which he had contracted in our Family, gave no Suſpicion to my Relations; yet as accuſtomed as he was to ſee me, I began to obſerve, that he never approached me without ſome diſorder in his Countenance, which I could not gueſs the cauſe of. When he lift up his Eyes, and caſt them towards me, his looks which were always full of life,

life, shewed a timorousness which was not usual in him, and mixed with a passionate Languishing. I felt at the sight of him Emotions which I did not in the least understand; my great youth, and my small Experience, the horrible Aversion which had been instilled into me for all that could be called Love, and above all that extream distance, which Fortune had set between us, made me not suspect the least, either on *Lisidor*'s part, or on that of my own Heart. I had, notwithstanding, an impatient Curiosity to know from whence proceeded these secret motions, which did thus disturb my quiet. When it happened that my Mother leaving me with persons she had not the least suspicion of the Conversation concerned any thing of Love; if I asked any innocent Questions upon that Subject, *Lisidor* would speak of it with a great deal of Wit, and good Breeding; so that I came to feel a great Disposition in my self to believe what he said; but he nor I daring, for many Reasons, to dive into the bottom of these Mysteries, I address'd my self to a young Gentlewoman, who was placed to wait upon me by my Mother, and in whom I had

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moſt confidence; but before I explained my ſelf, I uſed all the caution I could to be aſſured of her Silence and Fidelity. So ſoon as I had diſcover'd to her what paſs'd between *Liſidor* and my ſelf, her Surprize ſeemed ſo great to me, that I repented her having learnt my Secret. I perceived her on a ſudden to loſe that ſubmiſſive and complaiſant Behaviour, which ſhe always uſed to ſhew me, and to take up a ſcrupulous Severity, which my Mother endeavoured to inſpire in all Perſons who approached me. She made me ſo aſhamed of my Weakneſs, and think all that I felt for *Liſidor*, to be ſo great a Crime, that I promiſed her to rob my ſelf for ever of the ſight of ſo amiable and dangerous a Perſon: My reſolution ſeemed to her to be too violent. *Have a care, Madam*, replied *Madonte* to me, (this was the Name of my Confident, or rather my Rival, as I ſoon afterwards diſcover'd) *avoid carefully the coming to Extremities, which will make too great a noiſe: What Reaſons could you give your Mother, for a Behaviour which will appear to her ſo new and phantaſtical? and what would become of the unfortunate, and, it may be innocent* Liſidor? *What a judgment*

ment would be made of so surprizing and sudden a Disgrace to him? Lisidor *may have Troubles, or some secret and unfortunate Passion, which causes in him this Disorder and Melancholy, which you have hitherto interpreted wrong: every thing is naturally passionate in* Lisidor, *his Air, his Looks, his Discourse, nay even his Silence it self; shew therefore to him the same Favour you are used to do, and do nothing which may be below that noble Pride, which becomes Persons of your Quality so well. No, I will never,* replied *Philismena, put any more in danger so tender a Reputation as mine is; the Trouble and Surprize you shewed to me, in learning the Thoughts I had for* Lisidor, *have too fully convinced me what danger there is in seeing him; I will never see him more: It is your part who are his Friend, to dispose him to this absenting of himself, nay, I expect also that you should break off all manner of Correspondence with him; the Place you have about me, and the Kindness I have for you, would give me in the judgment of all the World, too great a share in all the Familiarities you may have with him. Oh Madam,* cried out *Madonte*, trembling all over, and with a tone of Despair in her Voice, *If you banish* Lisidor, *I am undone; for it is*

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now past disguising to you my thoughts, since I find by yours you have a Courage which is above all your Weakness, and that in the favourable thoughts you have for Lisidor, *there is nothing strong enough to oppose the Kindness I have for him. You love then,* Lisidor, said I, with a soft Air mixt with sorrow and trouble: *Since you assure me then, that what I feel for him, which I was loth at first to believe, may have such dangerous Consequences, do me the justice to think, that I am Mistress enough of my self, to stop the progress of a Passion in its birth. Love still* Lisidor, *but be sure you do not discover to him my Secret; and since he loves you without doubt as much as you love him, the least suspicion which he might take of what I feel upon his account, would put him into Trouble; therefore you may well think that your Silence is of importance, as well for my Reputation, as his Quiet. I will not tell you,* Alcander, *the cruel Reflections which possest my mind when I was alone, and with how many strange motions my heart was overwhelmed; I shall only tell you, that so soon as I knew that what I felt for* Lisidor, *was from Love, neither the fear of my Relations, nor the pride of my Quality and Fortune, could ever have the power to make me condemn the*

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Inclination which I had for him: But I ſtill was fully ſatisfied of his Merit, notwithſtanding the ſmalneſs of his Fortune; whether by reaſon of the pleaſure which one finds when one begins to love, made me believe, that the Averſion which they had perſwaded me to have for Love, was but the falſe advice of an affected Severity, which Avarice and Ambition had inſpired my Parents with, or that at laſt the violence of the Inclination I had for Liſidor, *made me forget what I owed in duty to them and my ſelf. That which at laſt fully convinced me that I was in Love, and that it had crept farther than I thought into my heart, was, That I felt ſeveral ſecret and new motions in it, which raiſed themſelves on a ſudden.* I began equally to fear and wiſh for the preſence of *Liſidor*, to diſtruſt *Madonte*, and to feel for her ſuch a coldneſs, as at laſt proceeded to abſolute Hatred: Jealouſie, Spite, Indignation, and the fear of ſeeing, preferr'd before me a Rival, who was ſo very much beneath me, cauſed ſuch violent Troubles within me, that I found it a very hard task to diſſemble them. *Madonte* had Wit, Beauty, Courage, and Birth, and ſhe being almoſt always with me, I feared that the diſorder which I diſ-

diſcover'd in *Liſidor*, and which I interpreted in favour to my ſelf, might rather be an effect of the preſence of *Madonte*, than mine. I particularly wiſhed for an opportunity to clear this doubt: but how was it poſſible for me to deceive the many eyes which watched me, ſo as to have a private Converſation with *Liſidor*? Waiting for ſome favourable opportunity, which I hoped for rather from Chance, than my Skill, one day as I paſs'd very near to him, I told him ſoftly, *Your Secret is known.* At this word a ſtrange and violent diſorder appeared upon his Face, which pierced even into my Soul. I thought at firſt that *Liſidor* had believed that what I had then ſaid to him, was a Reproach I made to him for his Raſhneſs, and that his Reſpect would make his condemned Paſſion either die, or be ſilent for ever; or it may be, ſaid I within my ſelf, *Liſidor* thinking I have diſcover'd his ſecret Intrigues with *Madonte*, is troubled to ſee himſelf convicted of Infidelity towards her, in daring to love me; or of a more criminal Treachery towards me, in pretending a Love which he did not feel. Theſe melancholick thoughts increaſed the deſire I had

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to talk with *Liſidor*, and to clear this Point with him: Fortune ſoon after happily furniſhed me with an opportunity; for walking in one of the long Walks in the Park with my Mother, who was led by *Liſidor*, ſhe was forced to leave us on a ſudden, being called away by my Father, who was in an Arbor at ſome diſtance from us, he having ſome ſecret News of great importance, which he had juſt then received, to impart to my Mother in private.

So ſoon as I ſaw my ſelf in full liberty to make *Liſidor* explain himſelf to me, and I explain my ſelf to him, I was ſeized with an extraordinary joy, accompanied with thoſe fears, to which the modeſty of our Sex, and the ſtrictneſs of my Parents had accuſtomed me. I found *Liſidor* in the ſame diſorder; Oh! that I could but tell you what we told each other before we ſpoke, by our Looks and by our Silence, it being my part to ſpeak firſt, without ſtanding upon any Punctilio, nor to loſe an opportunity wiſhed for with ſo much paſſion. *Well, Liſidor*, ſaid I, *tell me if it be Madonte that you love; and what is it you would have me believe, from that diſorder which you ſo of-*

often ſhew before us, from thoſe unſetled Looks and thoſe Tranſports, which ſeem to eſcape from you againſt your will? Ah, Madam, cried *Liſidor, to what a dangerous tryal do you expoſe the Reſpect which I owe to you?* the Diſorder wherein you have ſeen me, and which I have ſo often blamed my ſelf for, as too viſible a ſign of an unpardonable raſhneſs, has ſpoken but too plainly: Do you deſire it ſhould finiſh my Deſtruction by a fuller Explanation, and that I thereby attract your greateſt Indignation? No, no, *Liſidor*, anſwered I quickly, you muſt ſpeak, and not looſe in uſeleſs Talk theſe precious Minutes which Fortune has lent us; and ſuch as, it may be, will never return again: I know but too well what Decorum and Behaviour that unfortunate Inequality which Heaven has put between us, requires from us both, ſpeak without a Moments Heſitation, and at leaſt ſpare me the Confuſion of explaining my ſelf firſt. Well, Madam, replied *Liſidor*, ſince you will have it, and ſince you force me to it, I will confeſs to you, that I have a great Eſteem for *Madonte*, and that I bear towards her that juſt acknowledgment which is due from

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me to her for all her Favours, which she has shewed towards me; but I must, Madam, at the same time also tell you, That that invincible Inclination which carries us away against our Wills; that that infinite Esteem which extraordinary Vertue wrests from the most obdurate Heart, that the deep Impressions which great Beauty does make upon tender and sensible Hearts; I say, I declare to you, Madam, that I feel all these, and that I feel them only for you: And as for me (said I) the Account which I can give you of what passes in my Heart, is, That by the Motions and Lights, which proceed from Heaven and you, I find it very much changed, I learn in one Moment what I was so long ignorant of; I find that now pleasing to me, which before raised Horror in me; you have made such charming Truths, or such pleasant Errors, succeed all those Maxims which I had been formerly taught, that I am not sorry I wander a little in following them. At these words *Lisidor*, transported with Love and Joy, throws himself at my Feet, not reflecting that our Conversation had insensibly brought us near to the Arbour where my Mother was, who coming

coming out upon a ſudden, before *Liſidor* could riſe from his Knees, ſhe ſeemed extreamly ſurpriſed. *Liſidor*, who ſaw his Imprudence, and my Mother's Diſorder, immediately thought of repairing his Fault by a happy Invention which his Wit furniſhed him with upon a ſudden, he runs to my Mother; Ah, Madam, ſaies he, you juſt now ſaw an unfortunate Lover proſtrate at the Feet of my Lady your Daughter, to beg her leave to love *Madonte*: This word of loving appeared ſo ſtrange and new to her nice Temper, that ſhe looked upon my Prayer as an unpardonable Raſhneſs. My Daughter has reaſon, anſwered my Mother with an angry look, you ought not to approach her Ears with Terms which are offenſive to her, and to keep for all that are near her, the ſame Reſpect which you have for her; it is only to me that you are to addreſs your ſelf; you had no need of gaining my Daughter's Approbation, much leſs her Aſſiſtance. Whilſt my Mother was ſpeaking, *Madonte*, who came from walking in another Walk, being come to us, *Madonte*, ſaid my Mother, the Thoughts which *Liſidor* has for you, are come to my

Knowledge; I do not at all condemn his Paſſion, the Match is advantageous; you may make him a Return, and leave the Succeſs to me; but I do not intend that the Hopes which I give you, ſhall authorize a Commerce which diſpleaſes me, and a Cuſtom which I have always condemned; I will not ſuffer *Liſidor*'s Paſſion to ſhew ſo near my Daughter all that thoſe ſorts of Paſſions have of the extravagant and ridiculous; that importunate Officiouſneſs, that officious Care, and that ſhameful Weakneſs; the Example of all which might poiſon the wiſe and noble Education, which I have given her. I will obey you, Madam, anſwers *Madonte*, in this Affair, as I have done in all others. I have obſerved in *Liſidor* indeed ſome Complaiſance, which ſeems to diſtinguiſh me from the reſt of my Companions; but I did not imagine that this preference went ſo far as Love, much leſs did I think that it would come to your Knowledge. I will make no ſtep, Madam, nor indulge my Deſire, but according to your Orders. I will be ſure continually to avoid any Commerce which you do not like, and which may make me offend in the reſpect due to ſo nice

nice and ſcrupulous a Vertue, as that of my Lady your Daughter.

Judge then what a Joy I felt to ſee my ſelf thus delivered from the Reproaches of ſo ſevere a Mother, by *Liſidor*'s ready Wit. But though it was eaſie for us to deceive her, how could we be able to deceive *Madonte*?

Liſidor diſguiſed and conſtrained himſelf to little purpoſe, and I to as little, ſhewed a Coldneſs towards him; a clear-ſighted jealous Rival, and preſent at all our Converſation, penetrated through all the Myſteries of our Reſervedneſs, and our Silence. All our Artifices could not reſcue us from her Diſtruſt; her reſtleſs and impatient Jealouſy, reſolves to aſſure to her ſelf the Conqueſt of *Liſidor*; but not daring to explain her ſelf, either out of Modeſty or Pride, ſhe cauſes it to be demanded of my Mother by ſecret and by-ways, but ſuch as were effectual and cunning ones. My Mother ſpeaks of it to *Liſidor*, and rallies him for his ſmall Impatience. *Liſidor* ſeeks all Delays by ſome falſe Pretences, or feigned Reaſons. All his Inventions were alſo ſounded and diſcover'd. There was at this time a very hot Report of a War begun between

Sweden and *Poland*. *Lisidor*, who sought only an opportunity of signalizing himself, and who having had the boldness to love *Philismene*, thought himself obliged to do actions which might answer so high, and so ambitious a Passion, and not meeting with any opportunity for it in his own Country, which then enjoyed a profound Peace, was extreamly delighted to find one in a foreign Kingdom; being the Son of a Father who had served and commanded in the victorious Army of the great *Gustavus*, and who died in his Service, he hoped the Memory of his Name might procure from the King who had succeeded him, the same kind Reception which his Father had found, and as good Employments. He prepares for this Voyage, provides an honourable Equipage, and places all his Hopes in the Fortune of his Arms. He proposes his Design to my Mother, who approves of it, not thinking of *Madonte*'s Concern. *Madonte* hears this News with a deadly Grief; she attempts to make *Lisidor* change his Resolution. *Lisidor* defends himself with a thousand Reasons grounded upon Honour, Decency, and Fortune. And as

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he was obliged to manage her for my ſake, he flatters her with the Hopes of a quick Return. All that he had ſaid to my Mother, and to *Midonte*, and which they both told me again, had almoſt made me think his Departure abſolutely neceſſary; but there were other Reaſons beſides for it, which were in Relation to my ſelf alone. It not being poſſible for us to hope for any private Interview, he writes to me, without knowing how, or by what means to convey the Letter to me, amongſt ſo many jealous Perſons, who beſieged me continually.

One day being come into my Chamber, with a Deſign of giving me his Letter, and having let me ſee cunningly, that he had it in his Hand, there came into my Head this Trick, which I performed without Delay. I aroſe from my ſeat, and pretending to go to ſpeak to my Mother, I ran haſtily, and paſſing near *Liſidor*, I pretended to ſtumble, and leaning my Hand upon his to recover my ſelf, I took the Letter; the Contents of which were theſe, as near as I can remember.

What will you ſay, Madam, of the Reſolution which I have taken concerning my

ſelf? I have formed a Deſign to leave you, and it may be for ever. But ought I to have conſulted you, when I had taken it, or to expect your Orders, when it ſo greatly concerned your Honour and my own? I expoſe my ſelf to all manner of Grief, by parting from you. But can I be able continually to preſent to your Eyes an unfortunate Perſon, who is honoured with your Eſteem, and who has hitherto done nothing to deſerve it? I go to ſeek an Opportunity of doing honourable Actions, thereby to juſtifie your choice. For, not daring to ask Fortune to equal you with me, I dare promiſe my ſelf from my Courage, I ſhall force her, either to deſtroy me, or to make my Deſtiny ſuch as may better enable me to approach you. Do not, however think, Madam, that amongſt ſuch ambitious Thoughts, I ſhould be ſo unjuſt as to deſire you ſhould oppoſe the Pleaſure of your Parents; for if they offer you any good Match, you ought to follow your Deſtiny, and not let your ſelf be overcome by the Inclination of your Heart. I can never loſe you, without dying my ſelf; but I ſhall die without complaining, if you live but as happy as you deſerve.

Ah Madam, cried *Alcander*, what Love and Courage do theſe thoughts diſcover to be in *Liſidor*'s Soul! Heaven has made you for each other, it cannot fail accompliſhing that which it promiſes you, by the union of Hearts which it has ſo well formed between you both. I cannot tell, replied *Philiſmena*, what Heaven has determined for us, but I know that the loſs of *Liſidor* would be unſupportable to me. I feel it by the grief which his departure has cauſed in me, by that which I ſuffer becauſe of his abſence, and above all by a ſilence of two years, which he keeps out of reſpect, and for the danger would be run by us both, in the conveying his Letters to me. I will tell you only——

As ſhe was going on in her Diſcourſe, ſhe heard a noiſe, and fearing to be ſurprized with *Alcander*, ſhe roſe up, took her leave of him, and deſired him to repaſs immediately the River. *Alcander* obeyed, and in parting they promiſed to meet each other again ſo ſoon as they could poſſibly. They ſaw each other often, and theſe Converſations contracted between them the bands of a ſtrict Friendſhip; there it was they offer'd

each other all the Helps which lay in their power, to aſſiſt one another in their Amours. *Alcander* engaged *Philiſmena* to ſee *Celintha* often, and to uſe her Intereſt on his behalf. *Philiſmena* alſo obliged *Alcander* to promiſe to write to *Liſidor*, and to keep a continual Correſpondence by Letter, ſo that ſhe might be informed both of his Fortune and his Love.

Polydamus was at laſt informed of theſe ſecret Meetings, which he heard with great joy, in the hopes he had that they might work a change in *Alcander*, and that this Complaiſance he ſhewed to *Philiſmena*, might be an effect of ſome Paſſion which they had for each other. In order to the advancing of which, he uſed all means to reconcile himſelf with the Father of *Philiſmena*, and made ſeveral Advances, beyond what he ought to have done. The Father of *Philiſmena* being ſtruck with the noiſe which *Alcander*'s Merit made in the World, and yet more pleaſed with the great Eſtate he was in proſpect of, and which would one day make him one of the greateſt Matches in the Kingdom, anſwers the Intentions of *Polydamus*. The ill Weather having forced

ced them to leave the Countrey, and to come back into the Town, the Commerce between *Alcander* and *Philiſmena* is renewed, with the good liking of all their Relations, who did not know that they were leſs Lovers than Confidents to each other. Theſe things went ſo far, that *Polydamus* made Propoſitions of Marriage. The Father of *Philiſmena* hearkened to them; but as Perſons of his Character, I mean covetous Fathers, never quit any part of their Eſtates but as late as they can, to their Daughters, and that beſides, he was deſirous Time ſhould give him a nearer proſpect of what he expected from the Merit of *Alcander*, and the Hopes which were given him of his Fortune, which he ſaw but afar off, he accepted of the Match, but upon this condition, that it ſhould be deferr'd for ſome years. *Polydamus* deſired no better, not deſiring his Son, who was then juſt entred into the World, and had not yet finiſhed his Exerciſes, ſhould then marry a Lady as young as himſelf. But this Alliance being ſo earneſtly wiſht for on both ſides, their Parents would oblige them to an engagement of their Word and Honour, which might ſecure the ſucceſs of it. *Al-*

cander and *Philiſmena* coming to know the Intentions of their Parents with an extream grief, before they had it from their own mouths, they conſulted together what Anſwer they were to give. Their firſt Diſcourſe, upon ſo important a Matter and ſo tender, had a great deal of diſorder in it, for they knew not what to ſay to each other. They eſteem'd each other infinitely, but they loved elſewhere. Their conſent is required; they anſwer only with ſilence, which proceeded not leſs from their Aſtoniſhment than their Reſpect. They reproached one another afterwards with a Conſent, which appeared ſo quiet and ſo voluntary: Will you, ſays *Philiſmena*, will you abandon your dear *Celintha*? No, Madam, anſwer'd *Alcander*, I wiſh I were able to do it; but it is impoſſible for me, and yet can I refuſe the charming *Philiſmena*, whoſe Merit and Fortune might bound the moſt ambitious Deſires? Will you, replied *Philiſmena*, have a young Woman revolt againſt her Parents? What help can I afford to my Weakneſs? What pretence can I have for my Diſobedience? I who have no other Reaſon, but that of a Paſſion, which muſt be hidden, and which

which cannot appear? All the World knows that you love *Celintha*. Have you not in a Paſſion which you cannot conquer, a Reaſon which will ſurely prevail with your Father, and which no reaſonable Perſon can condemn? This very Reaſon, replied *Alcander*, is it not much ſtronger on your ſide? Cannot you without Reproach and without Injuſtice, refuſe a Man whoſe Heart is in the Breaſt of another? Well then, *Alcander*, ſaid ſhe, I will have the Weakneſs, ſince you will have it ſo, to yield to your Reaſons; but I ſhall never have the power of reſiſting my Parents. I ſee then very well Madam, replied *Alcander*, that I muſt take upon my ſelf all the trouble and ſhame of the refuſal. I ſhall expoſe my ſelf to my Father's Paſſion, and the Blame and Reproaches of all the World; but it will be leſs for the ſake of ſatisfying the Love which I have for *Celintha*, who loves me not, than it is to ſerve the Inclination which you have for *Liſidor*, who loves you entirely. Oh what ſhall I not owe you for this Favour, dear *Alcander!* I ſhall be forced to love you almoſt as well as *Liſidor*. So ſoon as *Alcander* had left *Philiſmena*, he ran home to ſpeak to his Fa-

Father, who was in his own Apartment: He presented himself before him in a disorder, which made him tremble, threw himself at his feet, and bedew'd them with his tears: I know Father, said he, that never Son was so obliged to a Father as I am to you; for besides an advantagious Post I have in the World by the honour of my Birth, there is something yet more precious which I hold by your Lessons and Example; yet notwithstanding I depend upon a Power which is above yours, and which having disposed of me to *Celintha*, will not suffer me to yield my self up elsewhere. I see that your Eyes sparkle with Anger at this Discourse, but I beg you will hearken to me without being angry: You are Master of my Life, you ought to be so of my Heart; you offer me in the Person of *Philismena* an advantagious Match, and a most accomplisht Person. I know what your thoughts must be of a Son, that rebels against the will of such a Father as you are; but I defy all your Severity to inflict so cruel a punishment upon me, as that which I suffer by the fatal necessity which I see my self in of refusing *Philismena*, and of displeasing you. Therefore

fore I do not come to implore your pity, but rather to provoke your anger againſt an unfortunate Perſon, whoſe Life is hateful to him: I refuſe an accompliſht Beauty, who, it may be, one day may love me, and adore an ordinary Beauty, who, I am ſatisfied, will never love me. *Alcander* ſpoke thoſe laſt words in ſo ſad a Tone, that his Father was ſhaken by them notwithſtanding his Severity; but the ſhame he had of his Weakneſs made him take a more violent Reſolution: Go, ſaid he, Son, unworthy of me, go out of my preſence, and never offer any more to my ſight a Wretch, who has not power to overcome a Paſſion which diſhonours him. *Polydamus*'s Paſſion had gone further, if it had not been reſtrained by the Tears of *Olympia* his Wife, who made him fear that *Alcander*'s Deſpair might make him relapſe into the extream danger of a Sickneſs, which he had been ſo difficultly cured of. He thought alſo that he ought not to make a noiſe of this refuſal of his Son, that he might ſtill have the liberty of ſeeing *Philiſmena*, and that by this Commerce he might be able to manage an Affair, which he wiſhed for with ſo much eagerneſs. But the Ladies

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Father seeing the pursuit which *Polydamus* made for his Daughters Marriage, grow cold, was glad to have this pretence, to release himself of an Engagement, which gave bounds to his Avarice; and the Mother was not sorry to have, by this means, some of the Visits, which *Alcander* made to her Daughter, retrenched, to satisfie her natural Severity, and her Ambition, who desiring to have full liberty to dispose of her Daughter to such Matches as should offer, was afraid *Philismena* should enter into any Engagement, by reason of these continual Visits of *Alcander*, whose Merit was to be feared.

Polydamus being forced to leave his Family for some private Affairs, or for those of the Province, with which the King had intrusted him, left the whole management of his Sons Education to his Wife. *Olympia*, who was the best Mother that ever was, and who sought continually all the Inventions which natural Affection and her wise Goodness could furnish her with, to accomplish the Education of her Son, whose Passion had put it into so great disorder, sends for *Celintha*, thinking that for the design she had,

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it was neceſſary to make uſe of her her ſelf; and to diſpoſe her to what ſhe deſired, ſhe thus diſcourſed to her: You know, *Celintha*, what a conſtant Friendſhip there has always been between our two Families, the Neighbourhood, and a great reſemblance of Birth and Fortune, has made theſe Tyes, and may make us one day incline to a Marriage between you and my Son. I know that *Dorilas* makes Court to you, and that his Relations may have the ſame thoughts for him; but that proſpect being yet ſo far diſtant, and that Time, and above all, Heaven diſpoſes of us, and that beſides *Dorilas* his Fortune is yet very uncertain, and lyable to very dangerous Chances, you may have, it may be, ſome intereſt in managing that violent Inclination which my Son ſhews he has for you, this Paſſion of his being very unſeaſonable in reſpect of his age, which ought to be employed in cultivating his mind. You ſee that it is highly neceſſary to put ſome ſtop to the progreſs of an affection which is already become too ſtrong, and which may make him unworthy of your eſteem, and of the hopes of poſſeſſing you: my inſtructions, and all the care of his Governor

vernor have not had power to remove this disturbance of his mind, it is you *Celintha* who are of an age a little above his, and who have a judgment above your age; it is you that must bring him back into the right way. As for me Madam, answer'd *Celintha*, I long to second your intentions, but tell me by what Art we may obtain that which I wish with as much earnestness as you: you must, replied *Olimpia*, make use of all the power you have over my Son, you are much dearer to him than a Mother, and the desire of pleasing you will do more than the obedience which he owes me; make him understand you can never be able to like Lover who has no other qualification but his Love, and that if he will be belov'd, he must use all his endeavours to content his Parents and his Tutor, by a continual application to his Duty and his Exercises. *Celintha*, whose thoughts were bent towards *Dorilas*, whom she passionately loved, was much troubled to know how to behave her self as she ought towards *Alcander*; but Goodness being her predominant Quality, she yields to the Prayers of *Olympia*, dissembles the Love she has for *Dorilas*, and hearkens with a pru-

prudent complaiſance to the Sighs of *Alcander*, with the deſign of governing him according to the Intentions of his Mother. Although ſhe had not judgment or experience enough to act alone in ſo nice an Affair, ſhe had nevertheleſs ſufficient to profit by the Inſtructions which were given her; and if ſhe reduced the Mind of *Alcander*, and ſo ſuddenly made him change his Behaviour, it was leſs by her skill, than by the aſcendant which the Inclination *Alcander* had for her, did give her over him. The earneſt deſire of pleaſing *Celintha*, made him make a wonderful progreſs in all Learning, and the ambition of making himſelf more amiable, raiſed in him that of diſtinguiſhing himſelf from his Equals. The Academy where he went to learn his Exerciſes, founded of nothing but the Name of *Alcander*, who by a conſtant and ambitious Emulation endeavoured to out-do all his Companions. If he diſputed any Prizes in running of the Ring, or any other Exerciſes, he was ſo accuſtomed to overcome, that he could not endure to be vanquiſhed; he would be ſo much troubled when he was, that he always ſhed tears; What will *Celintha* ſay, ſaid he,

he, with a passionate and sorrowful Voice! and he hardly dared to come near her, or to shew himself in the day of his Defeat. *Olympia*, who made advantage of every thing to the Education of her Son, seeing him so concerned with the fear of displeasing his Mistress, never failed, when-ever he neglected his duty in any thing, to make him sensible of the trouble it would be to *Celintha*, if she thought him capable of committing such faults; *Alcander* alarm'd with such threats would throw himself at his Mothers feet, and beg her to spare him the reproaches of *Celintha*, and with sincere tears of repentance would give her an infallible assurance that he would repair his fault. The desire he had to gain *Celintha*'s whole Esteem went so far, and tyed him with so much assiduity to all his Exercises, that his Mother trembled for fear of his Health, and began to frighten her self extreamly with the Examples we have of the prejudice, which Youths every day receive by an intemperance of Study, and excess of Application. It was then that *Olympia*, instead of awakening the diligence of her Son, desired his Masters to retrench part of the time al-

allotted for his Studies and Exerciſes, and to allow it him for his Diverſions. And then ſhe allowed him full liberty to viſit *Celintha*; and ſeeing with what aſſiduity he waited upon her, with what eagerneſs he devoured her with his Eyes, and with what earneſtneſs he did her a thouſand Services, ſhe asked him very often the cauſe of ſo extraordinary an Attendance. *Alcander*, who anſwered ſo well to all Queſtions which were asked him, and who always gave Reaſons for all his Actions, anſwered thus, *I feel*, without taking time to examine himſelf, *I feel, at the ſight of* Celintha ———

At theſe words interrupting himſelf, he ſhewed in his Eyes and his whole Countenance, with what labour and diſturbance of Mind he ſought for what he had to ſay, I feel, ſaid he again, ſo ſtrange a pain, that I am aſhamed of the condition wherein I am, and I am not leſs ſo to tell you of it, and yet I find in this pain a certain pleaſure which ſurpaſſes all others, but a pleaſure which I cannot expreſs, and the loſs of which would be intolerable for me to bear. How ſhall I blame my ſelf enough, ſaid he, that I cannot ſatisfie your Curioſity, and that I have

have ſo little wit, as not to be able to comprehend the Charm which chains me to *Celintha*, and which affords me the greateſt of all pleaſures, or to ſpeak more properly, the only pleaſure which I love, or the only one I ever can love. Do not bluſh, ſaid *Olympia*, at an Ignorance which is common to you with the moſt learned Men of the World. What, continued he, with an angry and ſorrowful voice, I am now almoſt 16 years old, and am I not able to tell what paſſes in my heart? I am reſolved to ſtudy my ſelf ſo well——Ah Son, replied *Olympia*, interrupting him, it is no matter whether you know how to expreſs this Inclination for *Celintha*, but it is of conſequence to overcome it! Do you wiſh ſo much hurt, replied *Alcander*, to that Paſſion which has raiſed me above my ſelf, and which has made me overcome that ſtubbornneſs of mind, which troubled you ſo much before, and made me ſo aſhamed. Do not deceive your ſelf, anſwered *Olympia*, this ſort of paſſion will correct ſome faults, and corrupt a thouſand Vertues, nothing is ſecure againſt its violence; Honour and Duty, every thing is in danger, when Reaſon is not

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Miſtreſs. Fear not Madam, ſaid *Alcander*, all that I feel for *Celintha*, can never make me forfeit my Reaſon, all the deſire I have in the World being ſolely to ſee her, and to pleaſe her. Has this deſire of mine any thing in it, with which the moſt ſcrupulous Vertue can be offended? Do but leave me to this innocent Paſſion, and I quit every thing elſe to you; I will then ſacrifice to you all my actions, all the deſires of my heart, and every moment of my Life. *Olympia* being ſofined with theſe his tears, Love on, ſays ſhe, love *Celintha*, and do not make me repent the tenderneſs I have for you. *Alcander* ſatisfied with this permiſſion of loving *Celintha*, let himſelf looſe to his Paſſion, and ſtudying at the hours left him for Recreation, the ways how to ſhew it, it hapned that one day a Brother of *Olympia's* coming from his Countrey-houſe, and relating to his Siſter the beauty and the abundance of Flowers and Fruit he had ſeen there, made a thought come into his head, which he was reſolved to execute immediately. The impetuouſneſs of his temper not allowing him to make any reflection, he ſteals away ſuddenly from his Mother and his Gover-

vernour, takes with him two of the Servants of the Houſe that were readieſt to obey him, orders Horſes to be made ready for him to go to his Uncles Houſe, which was about half a Leagues diſtance from the Town: But his impatience would not ſuffer him to ſtay while they were ready; he goes therefore on Foot at mid-day, in the hot ſeaſon of the ſcorching Dog-days; he paſſes through a Field, where he ſaw Sweat running down in great drops upon the Faces of thoſe that were at Harveſt; he runs without ſlackening his pace, breathing nothing but Diſorder. No ſooner was he arrived, but without allowing himſelf the time to reſt, he goes into a great Flower-garden, which was as large as the front of the Caſtle; he runs it over from one end to the other, he makes his eyes ramble over it. All this vaſt *Parterre*, filled with an infinite number of Flowers, could hardly ſatisfie his deſire; and although the multitude of them did rob him of the power of chooſing, yet he ſtill wiſh'd that Nature would make new ones to grow for his ſake. At length he commands his Servants to gather the fineſt and moſt curious of them, he himſelf

ſelf ſhewing them an Example: From thence he goes to the Walls, and viſits all the Fruit-trees; if the faireſt Fruit be upon the higheſt Trees or Branches, he either bows them down or breaks them, that he may gather the Fruit with his own hand. After having robbed ſome of the Trees of what was beſt upon them, being tired with his Walk, and weary with the pains he had taken, he reſts himſelf under the ſhade of a Tree, but leſs in order to defend himſelf from the heat of the Sun, than to ſhade the Flowers and Fruit, which being ſeparated from their Stalks and Branches, would have loſt a great deal of their freſhneſs, had they been expoſed to the Sun at Noon; and not to be idle whilſt he repoſed himſelf, picks out the Flowers which ſeemed fineſt to him, he makes ſeveral Noſegays of them, and comparing them together, he chooſes thoſe with the moſt ſuiting and agreeable ſortings, to preſent to *Celintha*.

Whilſt he walks about, and prepares his Preſent, a company of young Ladies, who were come the day before under the conduct of their Mothers to this fine Houſe to divert themſelves, and who were

were not leſs jealous of *Celinthia*, than thoſe whom *Olympia* had gotten to bear *Alcander* company, in order to cure his Paſſion, and who were paſſing their time in little Sports, in a Walk which was covered from the rays of the Sun. One of the Company having ſpyed *Alcander* through a palliſade of Jeſſamine, told it to her Companions, who all run together through the Walk to ſurprize him: He was ſo attentive upon what he was about, that they continued ſome time before him before he ſaw them; but at laſt lifting up his Eyes, and ſhewing ſome trouble at the ſight of them, he paid them the Civility which was due to them. Theſe young Beauties, either to torment him, or out of Jealouſie, laught at the Employment which they had found *Alcander* buſied with, and reproaching him with the Plunder he had made of all thoſe Flowers for the ſake of *Celinthia*, they added, That it was not fit ſhe alone ſhould be adorned with the Spoyls of the Garden; and laſtly, That they had at their firſt arrival marked theſe Flowers, out of the deſire and hope they had of gathering them. *Alcander*, who ſaw himſelf obliged to remember the

the Reſpect he owed unto his Uncles Houſe, and who as young as he was, knew how to behave himſelf as he ought, was in ſuch a diſorder, that he did not know what to anſwer. When he ſaw them all ſeize upon the Flowers which he had at firſt deſigned for *Celintha*, one may eaſily gueſs how violent the condition ſuch a heart as *Alcander*'s was in; he had however the power of reſtraining himſelf, and only deſired their leave to gather ſome other Flowers, to repair the loſs which he had received from them. Theſe young Ladies perceiving the violence which he uſed to himſelf, reſtored to him all his Flowers: One of them in a ſcornful manner told him, It was not juſt for them thus to rob his Miſtreſs; another with ſomewhat of a ſeverer Look, accompanied with Spite, letting him know, That ſhe would have no Flowers that were gather'd for another, and that ſhe could well enough diſpence with the loſs of an Ornament which he owed to *Celintha*. *Alcander*, who hearkned to nothing that was ſaid, and who grudged all the minutes which were loſt in uſeleſs Compliments, thanks them all equally, and asks their permiſſion to

leave their Company, to pay thoſe duties which his younger years had indiſpenſably obliged him to. At theſe words he goes out of the Garden, and finding at the door a Coach which was brought for him, inſtead of the Horſes which he had ordered to follow him, he goes into it, and returns to the Town, burning with love and impatience: He goes ſtrait to the Houſe of *Liriana*, he flyes through her Apartment, and enters upon a ſudden into the Chamber of *Celintha*, to offer her himſelf his Preſent, full of confidence and joy; but caſting his eyes upon *Celintha*, he ſees *Dorilas* ſitting by her, who bending his head towards her hand, was juſt going to kiſs it. *Alcander* ſtruck with this ſight, as with a Thunder-bolt, remains inſenſible and unmoveable, his ſmiling and ſerene Countenance was cover'd with a dark cloud, the red and livelineſs of his Complexion gives place to a deadly paleneſs, his Eyes that were wont to ſparkle with joy, and would with a violent tranſport advance outwards, and ſparkle, were now quite darkned, and did retire inwardly; he had a mind at length to complain, but his grief ſtopt his words. In ſhort, this trou-

trouble and diſquiet which is ſhut up within his Soul, breaks out; his Eyes kindle with diſdain; he takes the Flowers and the Fruit, throws them upon the ground, tears the Noſegays, throws them under his feet; and not being able any more to bear the preſence of *Celintha*, he goes out of her Chamber, and returns home in ſo ſtrange a paſſion and diſorder, that his Parents who were alarmed, his Governor who was provoked at an abſence of three or four hours, had not the power to chide him; they ſeemed more concerned at his grief, than angry at his fault. *Alcander* throws himſelf at the feet of his Parents, and after having given them a ſincere Relation of all that had paſs'd, proteſts openly to them, that to provoke them no further, he was reſolved to break with *Celintha*, and to apply himſelf ſolely to his duty: He conjures them, pouring out a flood of tears, never to force him more to viſit the ungrateful, the unfaithful and cruel *Celintha*. *Olympia* having ſetled his mind by her ſweetneſs and reaſons, he lived for ſome time with much leſs diſquiet than formerly, and flattered himſelf in private with an appearance of

quiet, which made him believe he had forgotten *Celintha*, and his Love for her. But how is it possible always to stem a Torrent, I mean an invincible Inclination? it begins again to make it self be felt as violent as ever. *Alcander* resists it with all the power he has, he flyes the sight of *Celintha*, but when chance offers her to his eyes, he can restrain neither his Looks nor his Sighs, which make their escape towards her, he is surprized with thoughts which are all of *Celintha*, when he would think of any thing else. And forgetting already his trouble and resentment, he enquires how she does; if he hears *Dorilas* named, he seems to be moved and to tremble, and changes colour; if he finds *Dorilas* amongst his Companions at Play, he shews sufficiently by his cold reception, or by his forced Courtesies, the aversion he has for his Rival, and even his whole behaviour towards him, plainly shews the desire he has to quarrel with him, in order to find a pretence of claiming that sort of coming to a right understanding, which was commonly practised in those days, out of a nice point of Honour, which has cost *France* so much noble Blood. But *Dorilas*,

las, who had a great deal of Love and Courage, and who had also a great deal of Prudence, excused his Rival, as being a Youth, and pardoned his mis-government, imputing it to the excess of an unfortunate Passion.

All that *Alcander* did, shewed but too much, that the resolution which he had taken of not seeing *Celintha* any more, was founded upon a false Cure, and was supported only by the strength of his disdain. And as this obstinate humour, which he had made appear from his Infancy, had changed into a strength of mind and firmness of courage, he had made it a point of honour to himself to break for ever with *Celintha*, and to resist the torrent which carried him away towards her. This constraint which he put continually upon himself was so violent, that it had like to cost him his Life; he falls sick, the Physicians are called, who immediately think to cure the Disease without examining the Cause, resolve, but to no purpose, upon a method of Cure for him according to the usual forms. *Olympia*, who never lost sight of her Son, had observed, that the absence of *Celintha* was the only cause of

Alcander's ſickneſs, has recourſe to the true Remedy: She obtains a Viſit to him from *Celintha*, who loving only *Dorilas*, and being of her ſelf removed at ſome diſtance from him, to avoid giving him the trouble which the ſight of her had cauſed, was brought with ſome difficulty to grant the requeſt of *Olympia*; but at laſt ſhe yielded to the deſires of an afflicted Mother, to her natural goodneſs, or it may be to the pleaſure ſhe took in inſulting over the ignorance of the Phyſicians, and to do that by her preſence, which the Phyſicians had not been able to effect by their Medicines. *Olympia* prepares her Son for this Viſit, to prevent the dangers of a ſudden ſurprize: The bare hope of this ſight reſtores ſtrength to the Patient; his eyes which before were almoſt out by a deep ſorrow, rekindled, and ſparkled with joy. One of his Friends who ſate near his Bed, and who took notice of this ſudden change, out of an unſeaſonable joy mentioned it aloud, which had like to have ſpoyl'd all; for *Alcander* had ſome ſhame of his weakneſs, and ſuffering himſelf to be tranſported with diſdain that ſtill remained, was upon the point of refuſing the

the visit from *Celintha*; but being come again to himself, by seeing in the sorrowful silence of his friend his repentance for his imprudence, he received *Celintha*, who came in a moment afterwards. At her first approach *Alcander* was in so great a disorder, he being somewhat ashamed to appear in this condition to the eyes of those who were about him; but the more he endeavours to hide his Concern, the more it breaks out; those spirits which began to revive and restore his Countenance, did retire back, and leave it pale, his Looks becoming fixt, and full of astonishment. *Celintha*, who had pity on him, made signs to those who were about his Bed, to go out of the Room. *Alcander* is affected with this goodness of *Celintha*, it affords him some hopes, and makes him put on a different air from that which he had before; there returns immediately upon his Looks a certain sprightfulness of charming-sweetness, and vivacity in his eyes, and an agreeable smile spreads it self over his lips. In short, there appears throughout his whole Person, that which may be called the effect of Joy and Hope; he would have spoken, to thank

Celintha for the honour of her Visit, but speech failed him as well as expressions. *Celintha*, who had for *Alcander* all that a Woman could have of most kind and favourable, excepting her Love, which was wholly engaged to *Dorilas*, said to him the most obliging things, and such as were most proper for the restoring him to his health. But this motive of pity, which made her speak so tenderly to him, and whose language resembled so much that of Love, was carried too far; she began to fear, that in going about to cure *Alcander*'s Disease, she should increase his Love by false hopes; and this fear threw her into some disorder, which was observed by *Alcander*, and which made him immediately relapse into his jealous diffidence of her. Thus all his pain returning again, No, no, *Celintha*, answered he, with a feeble and languishing voice, flatter no more a Wretch with your goodness which he does not deserve, and which your own heart disowns: Take less care of a Life, which can serve only to disturb your quiet; Heaven has caused me to be born for you, but it has made you for *Dorilas*; live for the sake of that happy Lover, and suffer an unfor-

fortunate Wretch to die, who is not allowed to live for you. Alas dear *Alcander*, replied *Celintha*, I would not have you die! I had rather——There making a ſtop, fearing to ſay too much, or not to ſay enough, being preſt by her too great natural goodneſs, and being too much moved by the deplorable condition of *Alcander*, ſhe was going, without doubt, to ſpeak what ſhe would afterward have repented of, when ſome Perſons of Quality coming into the Chamber, hindred her from purſuing her Diſcourſe. She takes her leave, *Olympia* goes out with her, and after having thanked her for her Favours, May I preſume, ſaid ſhe, to beg you to continue your Viſits; I know very well all that paſſes, but you are as good, as a Mother is unjuſt; be pleaſed, dear *Celintha*, to vouchſafe to entertain and amuſe his paſſion, without injuring that Love you have for *Dorilas*; give ſome encouragement to *Alcander*'s hopes, until his reaſon which prevails more and more every day can make him conquer a paſſion, which can never make him happy. *Celintha*, who was too ſincere to deny what ſhe felt for *Dorilas*, and too modeſt

to confeſs it, and beſides was not able to deny *Olympia*, anſwered her with ſome diſorder, and promiſed, but it was with ſome little trouble, (as ſhe was leaving her) to do all that was in her power towards her quiet, and that of her Son.

Alcander, flatter'd with ſome hopes which the tenderneſs of *Celintha* gave him, recovered, and his ſtrength returned, and as he was in a continual ſearch for any thing that might be pleaſing to *Celintha* ; and that this earneſt deſire ſtirred up all the powers of his mind, thoſe talents which hitherto had remained buried, and as it were ſuſpended by the weakneſs of his Youth, began now to diſplay themſelves, and above all the diſpoſition he had to the making of Verſes. So ſoon as he had felt this noble fire which comes from above, and which makes the greateſt Poets, his firſt Eſſays ſurprized every body with wonder, and his love having given a further degree of heat to this divine fire, he made Verſes with an incredible facility ; the turn of them was eaſie, and the expreſſions bold, and they had a wonderful exactneſs, which proceeding neither from Art nor Study, ſhewed the excellency of his nature

tural Parts, and his great Ingenuity. It was at the time when the new *Sapho*, who ſurpaſſes in every thing the ancient Greek *Sapho*, I mean *Madamoiſelle de Scudery*, by that lawful Authority which ſhe has obtained in the amorous and witty World, introduced a word of admirable uſe into the language of Lovers; it is the word *Tender*, and that of *Tenderneſs*, which giving a more diſcreet Idea of Love, hath ſpared the uſe of terms, which were a little too licentious for the modeſty of perſons who are ſcrupulouſly vertuous. This term of *Tender* in this ſence appeared ſo agreeable to the mind, and was ſo well received by all perſons who had any reliſh for Poetry, that there was neither Song nor Madrigal made wherein it was not uſed, and to which it did not add a great deal of grace by its novelty, and by the beauty of the expreſſion. *Alexander*, who had hitherto felt but only a blind inclination for *Celintha*, which he did not know how to define, inſenſibly found that it was Love; this Love began to grow into Deſires, and this violent Paſſion not being able to conceal it ſelf, but ſhewing it ſelf too openly, forced *Celintha* to retrench her complaiſance, and

to

to arm her self with all her severity. *Alcander* fought it with all his weapons, and did not fail to make use of this word *Tender*, which was newly invented; and as Respect always accompanies great Passions, when-ever he made any Song for *Celintha*, he concealed her Name under the term of *Phillis*, and that of his Desires under the respectful term of *Tender*. The number of the fine Verses which he composed, was more for the honour of *Celintha*, than his own; but he did not like certain Poets of Quality, whereof some out of a proud modesty do keep to themselves all the Verses they make, and blush at the exposing a Talent, which does honour to every body: or as others, who out of a ridiculous vanity do affect raising themselves into Authors, would have the meanest of their Trifles be seen by all the World, and out of this forward ambition do beg the praises which are given them aloud in complaisance, but which are refused them in private out of justice. When *Alcander* shewed his Verses, it was without shame as well as without forwardness; but yet that which had any thing of fine and passionate in it, shaked more than once the con-

conſtancy of his Miſtreſs, and made her Love for *Dorilas* to ſtagger. *Celintha* had for *Alcander* new Complacencies, and *Alcander* felt in himſelf for her new Motions, which he had not yet known; this indiſcreet joy, which a great paſſion ſuffers to diſcover of it ſelf, when it thinks it ſelf happy, became ſo viſible in all the actions of *Alcander*, that *Celintha* was very much concerned at it. She reproached her ſelf for that innocent weakneſs ſhe ſuffered to appear in favour of this Lover, notwithſtanding the Love ſhe had for *Dorilas*; but it was not without great difficulty that ſhe ſubdued her ſweetneſs of temper, which continually betray'd her, and that ſhe endeavour'd by ſome forced hardſhips which ſhe put upon *Alcander*, to revenge the Cauſe of *Dorilas*, upon the credulity of *Alcander*. *Alcander*, who was of a penetrating Judgment, was quickly undeceived; this knowledge raiſed his indignation, awakned his pride, and his Reaſon with theſe Helps thought it ſelf able to overcome this paſſion: But finding himſelf utterly unable to conquer it, much leſs to ſatisfie it, he turns all his thoughts on the ſide of Honour, and hopes to be comfort-

forted by it, for all the diſguſts of an unfortunate paſſion. His Parents, his Governour, his Maſters, his own Reaſon, and his Courage, do withdraw him from the preſence of *Celintha*; and he being of an age and in a condition very proper to make a Journey to Court, to receive there his laſt Accompliſhments, which are not to be found elſewhere, they were reſolved to ſend him to *Paris*. He himſelf being deſirous to have his departure haſtned, and to that end coming into his Mothers Chamber with his uſual haſtineſs, he was tenderly ſtruck with the Beauty of a young Lady, who being juſt come from *Paris* with her Mother, paid her firſt Viſit to *Olympia*. Having ſeated himſelf next to this young Perſon, whoſe Name was *Roſolinda*, he looked upon her with all the earneſtneſs which Reſpect and Decency would allow him; he let ſome Glances ſlip, which ſeemed to be fixt upon the Eyes of *Roſolinda*, and ſo ſoon as he had met a return, he let fall his own, out of a reſpectful awe, and with an air which ſeemed to ſhew ſomewhat of paſſion. *Roſolinda*, whom Fame had prepared to favour *Alcander*, but who had not yet heard what had paſſed be-

between him and *Celintha*, perceived with ſome joy the little diſorder which appeared in the Countenance of *Alcander*, and finding in it ſome glimmerings of a Conqueſt, ſhe immediately did all that the Art of pleaſing, without prejudice to her modeſty, could do to add to her Beauty. This firſt Converſation began with a ſilence, which yet uttered many things; it was kept up by a ſort of Complements, which often ſignifie nothing, and continued by mutual Commendations, which were given and returned with a ſincere eſteem, but in ſo gentile and well turned a manner, that it made praiſes to be agreeable and compatible with the niceſt modeſty. Their Converſation had gone farther, if the Mother of *Roſolinda*, taking her leave of *Olympia*, had not interrupted it; but being forced to part, they ſhewed each other that they had a great deal yet to ſay. *Alcander* being retired into his Apartment, his imagination being filled with the thoughts of *Roſolinda*, he thought he felt in his heart ſome diſpoſition to revenge the loſs of *Celintha*: At leaſt, ſaid he within himſelf, I feel ſome agreeable motions, which the Civilities

of

of *Roſolinda* have raiſed in my mind, and which ſeem to comfort me in ſome meaſure in my deſpair, and do a little ſweeten the bitterneſs of my Afflictions; and it may be Heaven it ſelf, which offers me ſo favourable an opportunity for my cure, will give me the power to finiſh it, and make me to bear a gentler yoke, and ſuch as will leave me in ſome hope. Whilſt *Alcander* flattered himſelf with theſe Reflections, *Roſolinda*, who began to bear a great part in all that concerned *Alcander*, having now known his affliction, and the engagement of *Celintha*, thought it would be eaſie for her to make a conqueſt of what *Celintha* had neglected. She longed to ſee *Alcander*, who owed her a Viſit, and to endeavour in ſo favourable a Juncture to diſ-engage him from a deſperate paſſion, and to render her ſelf Miſtreſs of a heart which the cruelty of *Celintha* had broken and tormented. *Alcander* ſoon ſatisfied her Impatience; he went to ſee the Mother, to get her leave to viſit the Daughter: He obtains it, and immediately gives himſelf up wholly to the deſign which he had of loving her, and making himſelf be beloved by her. When he is with her,

her, he diſplays before her to the utmoſt, whatſoever he uſed to ſhew of the amorous and the witty, at times when he was moſt ambitious of pleaſing: He ſhews in his Converſation that vivacity of Wit, and greatneſs of Soul, which do uſe to attract eſteem, and eſpecially ſince the terms in which he expreſſes himſelf, have an I know not what of lively and natural, which agrees with the ſincerity of his thoughts. *Roſolinda*, who had, like him, a lively imagination, and a haughty mind, thought and did every thing like him, (that is to ſay) with a great deal of gentileneſs. This conformity of them both in their thoughts and in their expreſſions, ſeemed to prepare them for a perfect union: There was between them this difference, that *Roſolinda* having nothing in her heart which oppoſed the paſſion ſhe begun to feel for *Alcander*, in the ardent deſire ſhe had to pleaſe him, followed her Inclination; whereas *Alcander* having alſo a deſign to pleaſe *Roſolinda*, was forced to encounter the Inclination which carried him towards *Celintha*. Thus *Alcander* finding himſelf too much pre-engaged, endeavours the more to love *Roſolinda*: In order

der to this, he forces himſelf, as much as poſſible, to fill his imagination with the merit of *Roſolinda*: He fixes all his Looks upon what he ſees in her, to be the moſt moving, and the moſt engaging; he examines, he ſtudies all her Beauties, he ſearches, and thinks to find a certain delicacy in all her thoughts, a certain accurateneſs in her expreſſions, and in all that ſhe does, a new ſort of agreeableneſs, which no body had yet obſerved; he fancies Graces in all her Perſon which ſhe had not, although indeed ſhe poſſeſt many of them to a great degree. *Roſolinda* ſeconds his Intentions, and forgets nothing of thoſe ſtrokes which may gain her ſo advantagious a Victory. This firſt Viſit, which had laſted much longer, if it had been to be meaſured by the pleaſure which it gave to them both, being ended by the Laws of Decency, they parted with ſome aſſurance of having raiſed in each an eſteem the one for the other. *Alcander* went from this Converſation, with a ſatisfaction and agreeable diſturbance which he took, for a certain preſage of the change he wiſhed for with ſo much earneſtneſs. He continues his Viſits, and now far from haſtning his Journey to

Paris,

Paris, he does ſeek excuſes to retard it. Now becauſe the motive which continually inclined him to *Celintha*, did diſturb the happy beginnings of this Enterpriſe, he found himſelf ſtill in an uncertain condition, his Heart belonging neither to *Roſolinda*, nor to *Celintha*, ſince it was tyed to the one by a Chain, which Fate had made with her own hands, and to the other by a violent deſire of his own, to beſtow all his Love upon her; he was reſolved to enter into an Engagment in deſpight of his Heart, which nothing might be capable of breaking. He would therefore needs lay an obligation upon himſelf, by ſhewing to all the World, that he is the Lover and Adorer of *Roſolinda*; he ſays it ſo often, that he perſwades himſelf that he is ſo; and to forget nothing of what may advance this Love in a Mind prepoſſeſt by another Paſſion, he draws the Picture of *Roſolinda* in Verſes, he fills himſelf with her *Idea*, and he preſents to his mind a Collection of the delicate Stroaks and Features of which her Beauty is compoſed.

Scarce had he finiſhed his Verſes, but without giving himſelf time to examine

mine and poliſh them, he ſends them to *Roſolinda*, and ſhews them to his Friends with a forwardneſs which was not uſual in him; it was enough for him to believe that this impetuous deſire which had made him make this Picture with this great quickneſs, was an undoubted mark of his new Paſſion. *Celintha*, who knew already ſomething of it, was extreamly pleaſed to ſee in *Alcanders* Verſes the confirmation of a Change which ſhe ſo earneſtly wiſhed for. Coming therefore to *Roſolinda*, to whom ſhe owed a Viſit, ſhe makes the Converſation to fall upon this Subject, not out of an indiſcreet and jealous Curioſity, which is ſo common to all Women, but out of a generous Goodneſs, which made her concern her ſelf for *Alcanders* quiet, and who pleaſed her ſelf in congratulating *Roſolinda* for ſo honourable a Conqueſt. How happy are you, ſaid ſhe, to *Roſolinda*, to find in *Alcander* a Lover who knows how to praiſe as well as to love! who ſhews you ſo much Wit when he gave you a Heart, and who mixes with his Preſents ſuch precious Incenſe! What likehood is there, replied *Roſolinda*, that a Heart which loves

oves you once, can or will ever love another? The Verſes which *Alcander* made for me, do form the *Idea* of a Beauty which never was in being; and as the Picture does not reſemble me, and is ſo much above me, *Alcander*'s Love is no leſs incredible than his Praiſes. *Roſolinda*, ſaid *Celintha*, has not leſs Modeſty than Beauty. *Celintha* anſwered, *Roſolinda* has not only all that can make a perſon be beloved by all the World, but ſhe has for the Eyes of *Alcander* a certain Charm, which ties him to her Perſon with Knots which he can never be able to break. It is in that, replied *Celintha*, lies the Priviledge of a Beauty like yours————As ſhe was purſuing her Diſcourſe, word was brought that *Alcander* deſired to ſee her. At this Name of *Alcander*, imagine what was the ſurprize of them both, who had ſuch different Motives and Intereſts. *Roſolinda* ordered him to be conducted in, being deſirous to ſee the effect which the Preſence of *Celintha* would cauſe before her, upon the mind of a revolted Lover; and *Celintha* was overjoyed to be upon this occaſion with *Roſolinda*, that *Alcander* comparing the one

one with the other, might be the better convinced of the preference which was due to her Rival, and give himſelf up at laſt wholly to this his new Miſtreſs. *Alcander* came into the Chamber, and ſeeing *Celintha* with *Roſolinda*, was ſo ſurprized, that he could not diſſemble the diſorder it put him nito,and he knew not which to fix his eyes upon. This diſtraction and diſorder which appeared in his thoughts, made *Roſolinda* aſhamed, and raiſed a great deal of pity in *Celintha*: All three were ſtruck dumb, and not knowing with what to begin the Converſation, kept ſilence for ſome time; *Roſolinda* broke it at laſt, and not being able to abſtain from thanking *Alcander*, for the deſcription he had made of her in Verſe. *Alcander* anſwer'd her Complement, in terms which ſhewed the great diſturbance of his mind: He turns his eyes towards *Celintha*, and ſeems with ſubmiſſive and languiſhing Looks to tell her, he repented the having contradicted by his Verſes which he had made for another, all that he knew belonged to her: He finds he loves none but *Celintha*, and ſeems to have forgotten that ſhe loved no body but *Dorilas*.

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Celintha, who would have reſcued him from this Diſorder, ſaid to him with her uſual ſweetneſs, I ſee *Alcander*, that loving Honour as you do to the higheſt point, you fear the offending againſt it, by ſhewing before me, that you have taken back your heart to give it to another; but does not Honour it ſelf dictate to you, that it is a ſhameful thing for ſuch a Perſon as you, to loſe upon me ſuch precious Sighs as yours are? I muſt confeſs, I do eſteem the heart which I had the diſpoſal of ſo much, as to believe it was not unworthy of you, and if it were poſſible for you to gain it either by force of Merit, Love, or Conſtancy, it would then (it may be) be ſhameful for you to yield it up to another; but ſince it belongs to another, by the irrevocable Command of that Power which abſolutely diſpoſes of us, nothing can be more honourable for you, than to free your ſelf from ſuch an unfortunate bondage, and to put your ſelf into the chains of a Beauty you ought to prefer before me, though I were capable of returning your Love. *Celintha* having ſpoken theſe words, riſes up, thinking ſhe ought to ſpare *Alcander* the confuſion of anſwering;

ſhe

ſhe takes leave of *Roſolinda*, and leaves her in an aſtoniſhment, no leſs than *Alcander*. *Roſolinda* ſeeing her ſelf alone with him, having made ſome endeavours to re-ſettle her mind, Lift up your eyes, *Alcander*, ſaid ſhe, and do not bluſh by reaſon of the condition which the preſence of *Celintha* has put you into: I ſee very well that an invincible charm draws you to her, but ſince with the help of ſuch a deſert, and ſuch a Love as yours, *Celintha* cannot overcome the inclination which ſhe has for *Dorilas*, can it be thought ſtrange, that you cannot overcome for my ſake the Love which you have for *Celintha*? Yield therefore to that deſtiny, which tyes you to a Perſon infinitely amiable; love her ſtill, and if ſo ſweet a heart as hers ſeems not to be made for you, force it to yield it ſelf to your own power. The illuſtrious *Alcander* is not born to be always unhappy, his deſtiny is ſtronger than that of *Dorilas*, and even that of *Celintha* it ſelf; and laſtly, there is nothing impoſſible to Love, Merit, and Perſeverance, when you unite them all together. Ah Madam, anſwers *Alcander*, with a great ſigh, and as it were coming out of a deep

deep ſtudy, With what hopes would you flatter an unfortunate Lover! I too well feel that I loved *Celintha*, and I too well ſee that I ſhall always love her; but you may imagine that I ſhall always love her againſt my will, ſince it will always be without any hope; and this will be at leaſt a juſt puniſhment inflicted upon a heart that will not obey me: If I could take any other courſe, it ſhould be, without doubt, that of caſting off the fetters put upon me by *Celintha*, to give my ſelf wholly to you. The ſight of you alone does often charm my melancholy, and I found my ſelf ſo filled with the thoughts of you when I made your Picture, and I did it with ſo quick and lively a warmth, that I thought that fire in my mind had paſſed into my heart: But I now ſee my Error with ſhame; and though I might hope one day to reſtore it to my ſelf, that I might offer it entirely to you, would it be juſt that you ſhould be a moment in doubt of your conqueſt? How could I ſtill have the raſhneſs to demand of you your heart, for a heart that is yet a priſoner in the chains of another, and which has made ſo many ſucceſsleſs Attempts to free it ſelf? Can I

enter into your preſence, after having ventured to take upon me openly the Name of your Lover, and after having expoſed my ſelf to the ſhame of belying ſo glorious a Name? I ought to deprive my ſelf for ever of the pleaſure and honour of ſeeing you. At theſe words he goes out, without ſtaying for her Anſwer, and as ſoon as he was got home, he thought of going immediately to Court; he asks leave of his Parents, and makes the beſt excuſe he can for the inconſtancy of his reſolutions.

After having reſided ſome time at *Paris*, and after having added to his mind, and to all thoſe accompliſhments he brought with him out of the Countrey, that agreeable air which is to be gained no where elſe but there, the progreſs which he ſoon made in gaining the general eſteem of the World, upon his entrance into it, the reputation of his Name and Fortune, augmented by a great Eſtate, made him looked upon as a very conſiderable Match. The greateſt of the Court had their eyes upon him, and wiſhed for his Alliance: An abſence of ſome years, his Reaſon fortified by Age, and by the Converſation he had with the ra-

rational World, the application which he made to every thing that could give the laſt perfection to a Gentleman of Quality, ſome little Amours which imployed his leiſure time, and which young People look upon as a neceſſary Pleaſure. All this ſeemed to have extinguiſhed the Love which he had for *Celintha*, to ſuch a degree, that one of his Friends having ſpoken to him of a great Match, he hearkens to the Propoſition with pleaſure, writes about it to his Parents, procures their Conſent, and afterwards courts and gets the Conſent of *Floriſa*, for that was her Name. The Match is concluded upon, the day is appointed for all Parties to ſign the Contract, and yet ſee the power of Love guided by Inclination. In the midſt of theſe Preparations for ſo advantagious a Marriage, he receives News, which ſtops the execution, which was a misfortune befallen *Dorilas*, whom the loſs of a Law-Suit had totally ruined, and forced to renounce the poſſeſſion of *Celintha*; he feels in himſelf a hope ſpring up, which he had before loſt, and this hope re-kindles his Flames. Having known afterwards that *Celintha* was ſick, and that the beginning of her ſick-

neſs was ſo violent, that ſhe was in danger of her life, his *tenderneſs* towards her increaſes; imagine then what was the diſturbance of a mind agitated with ſo many motions at the ſame time. On the one ſide, the neceſſity of accompliſhing a Marriage reſolved upon, the ſhame of ſeeing in danger the honour of his Word and Promiſes, the indiſpenſable obligations of Duty and Decency, the intereſt of Reputation and Fortune; and on the other ſide, the Love he has for *Celintha*, the pity he has of her Sickneſs, the paſſion he has to ſuccour her, the impatience he has to ſee her again, and the hopes of poſſeſſing her. In this perplexity, his firſt thoughts were to diſengage his word; he goes to the Parents of *Floriſa*, throws himſelf at their feet, makes a ſincere confeſſion to them of the condition of his mind, and proteſts to them, that if notwitſtanding the paſſion which he has for *Celintha*, which he feels the return of with greater force than ever, they eſteemed him worthy of their Daughter, nothing ſhould hinder him from doing his duty, and keeping to his promiſe. Her Parents, who would not endanger the quiet of their Daughter

they

they loved ſo tenderly, ſoon releaſed *Alcander* from his word. *Alcander* goes home with all the diligence which his age and his natural activity, his love and his hope, enabled him to do. So ſoon as he was come thither, he asked for *Celintha*, and hears that ſhe had been in great danger of her life, by the malignity of that ſort of diſeaſe which may be called the Scourge of Beauty, ſince it ſometimes diſ-figures the fineſt Faces, and does at leaſt take away that which is called the flower of Beauty, I mean the gloſs and fineneſs of the Complexion, which was the chief Beauty of *Celintha*. This accident ſurprizes *Alcander*, and far from abating his paſſion, gives riſe to a generous compaſſion, which inflames and ſoftens him the more. He asks leave of *Celintha* to viſit her: She who yet ſaw no body, and who waited till time had worn out thoſe cruel impreſſions which her Sickneſs had left upon her Face, does notwithſtanding at laſt yield to the preſſing deſires of *Alcander*, and to her own good nature. She receives *Alcander*, who cannot conceal his diſorder at the firſt ſight of *Celintha*, although he had prepared himſelf againſt the ſurprize,

which the change of her Complexion had occaſioned. *Celintha* perceived it, and both having paid the Civilities they owed each other, after ſo long an abſence. Well then, ſaid *Celintha*, you ſee how bad a recompence you have for the impatience which you had to ſee me; you ſee how the Heavens take care to cure you of a paſſion which I have ſo little merited. If that had been the intention of Heaven, anſwered *Alcander*, I ſhould have been inſpired with other thoughts towards you, and ſhould have had another heart: Time, abſence, nor the accidents of life, and the inconſtancy which is ſo natural to men, are able to change, and even to deſtroy the ſtrongeſt paſſions, but yet can have no operation upon mine; I have received it with my life, and it cannot be extinguiſhed but by my death. To anſwer you, *Alcander*, replied *Celintha*, I have only to ſay the ſame things over again, which you have ſaid to me, with this difference, that although the paſſion which I have for *Dorilas*, is not leſs violent than that which you have for me, yet it is much more unfortunate; for I loved *Dorilas*, I had the conſent of my Parents, was beloved again

again by him, and cruel Fortune hath thrown my Lover into ſo extream a poverty, that although I might obtain him in this condition with the conſent of my Friends, yet I ſhould never be able to gain his own conſent. If you love me enough to deſire me without deſert, and without beauty: *Dorilas* loves me too much to deſire to poſſeſs me, when I muſt go contrary to my duty, and ſacrifice my ſelf to his bad Fortune; but that which grieves me moſt, is to ſee us all three involved in an inextricable misfortune. You can never obtain what you love, and if Fortune ſhould do a miracle for the ſake of *Dorilas*, by reſtoring him wherewithal to obtain me from my Relations, can I give my ſelf to him, and refuſe at the ſame time ſo generous a Perſon as you are? No, no, *Alcander*, I cannot give my ſelf to either; I equally hate Treachery and Ingratitude; *Dorilas* ſhall have my Love, but you ſhall have my Eſteem and Gratitude. We muſt then, ſaid he, yield to the ſeverity of our Fates: I muſt loſe you and leave you; as unfortunate as I am, I ſhall never repent the having loved you, and theſe excellent thoughts, which at the ſame time decla-

red to me both our misfortunes, do but increaſe the eſteem which I have for you. I will obey this fatal power, which having tyed me to you, does now ſeparate me from you for ever. If my abſence cannot cure me, yet I ſhall have this advantage from an invincible inclination, that it will guard me from all other engagements, which though they may be more happy, yet can never be ſo glorious, as that inclination which engages me to the moſt lovely and moſt generous Perſon in the World. After having ſpoken theſe words, he leaves her, and takes the moſt paſſionate Farewel that ever was known. *Celintha* afflicted with the loſs of that little Beauty which Nature had beſtowed upon her, for *Dorilas* his ſad condition, and for *Alcander*'s ſorrow, was reſolved to leave the Converſation of the World, and to paſs the reſt of her days in a religious Retirement. *Alcander* being able no more to pretend to *Celintha*, ſeeing himſelf preſt by his Parents, and by the ſtrong Reaſons of Honour and Decency, not to ſuffer ſo great a Name as his to be loſt, could not avoid hearkening to ſome Propoſitions of Marriage. His Father being re-

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turned, as imperious as he was, would not notwithſtanding impoſe upon his choice; for he believed that his Son would at laſt maſter a paſſion that was without hope, and being born with a great deal of courage, he would do nothing which was unworthy of his Birth. He ſaw great advantages in making a Match with *Philiſmena*, but he was alſo very much diſguſted with the ſelfiſh and difficult ways of proceeding which he obſerved in her Relations. *Alcander*, notwithſtanding the great eſteem he had for *Philiſmena*, was reſolved not to oppoſe the inclination which ſhe had for *Liſidor*; he thought it beſt to turn all his thoughts towards *Roſolinda*, whoſe extraordinary Beauty, even at the time when he loved *Celintha*, had made ſtrong impreſſion upon his mind. *Roſolinda* was returned to *Paris*, and had entertained in her ſelf ſomething beyond a bare eſteem for *Alcander*. *Polydamus* and *Olympia*, who had very much better'd their Eſtate, and the hopes of their Houſe, by their long living in the Countrey, and the important Services they had done for the State, reſolved to make a Journey to Court: And that they might by their preſence

and endeavours contribute to the ſetling of *Alcander*, they departed almoſt at the ſame time with *Philiſmena*, whoſe Parents carried her up with them to chuſe for her a Match which might anſwer their Ambition: there it was that *Alcander* received news from *Sweden* of *Liſidors* Condition and Fortune, which he informed *Philiſmena* of, together with his Riſe in that Court, and the admirable progreſs which he made in Military Employments. He received there alſo Letters from *Liſidor* in particular, both for himſelf and for *Philiſmena*, and by an exact and faithful Correſpondence, he privately kept up this kind Commerce of Letters, which ſerved to increaſe the inclination they had for each other.

Madonte, to whom *Liſidor* wrote from time to time, to amuſe her Hopes, and to make her Jealouſie ſleep, having ſurpriſed one of the Letters which *Liſidor* ſent to *Philiſmena* by the hands of *Alcander*, had ſo violent a concern for it, that ſhe would have revealed all, had ſhe not fea'ed for her ſelf the Conſequences of ſo dangerous a diſcovery. To revenge her ſelf without danger therefore, ſhe has recourſe to this Artifice, ſhe makes a falſe

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diſcovery to one of her Friends, who ſhe knew was under great tyes of Friendſhip to *Liſidor* upon many important accompts. She makes him believe that *Philiſmena* loved *Alexander*, and that abſence had abſolutely baniſhed from her mind the favourable thoughts that ſhe formerly had for *Liſidor*. She prepares this Impoſture with a great deal of art, and gives it all the Colours which might render it probable. This Friend of *Liſidor*, who had for him a hearty and impetuous zeal, writ to him the ſame day in terms capable of alarming the moſt incredulous mind. The remoteneſs and Fortune of *Philiſmena*, the merit and quality of *Alcander*, were powerful reaſons to gain *Liſidors* belief; that which ſerved to convince him throughly was, that *Madonte* her ſelf had inſinuated it in her Letters to him, pretending not to explain her ſelf fully, that ſhe might not render her ſelf ſuſpicious, which tormented him without intermiſſion. Impatient to clear them himſelf, he ſeeks for ſome favourable opportunity to return into his own Country; but not finding any, he begs the King of *Sweden's* leave, with a great deal of importunity,

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and tells him the true reaſons of his Journey; but that they might be concealed from others, he deſired that he would pleaſe to contrive ſome pretext of a Negotiation which he might manage privately with the King his Maſter, and which being plauſible enough, although the ſucceſs might be of no great conſequence, might ſerve for an excuſe of his Journey, and might make him appear in his own Country with the honourable marks of his Truſt. The King of *Sweden*, who loved him extreamly, granted his deſire, but made him promiſe a quick return as a recompence of this kindneſs to him; *Liſidor* being arrived in the Court of *France*, remained there ſome time without making himſelf known; his reſtleſs Paſſion carried him immediately to ſeek for ſome light from *Madonte*, whom he viſited ſecretly. *Madonte* compleated the poiſoning his mind with falſe relations, which her Jealouſie inſpired her with, and which ſhe ſpoke with ſo great a diſturbance of mind, that that alone might eaſily have undeceived him, had he not been powerfully prepoſſeſt by his doubts and his fears. The King in the pri-

private Audiences he gave him, ſhewed that he had a pleaſure in ſeeing and hearing him, he obſerves in him a ſtrength of Wit, and in all his perſon an Air of Modeſty and Greatneſs joyned together, which obtained in him a very advantagious Opinion of his Vertue and Courage, and which made him reſolve to bind him to his Court by an honourable Chain. *Roſolinda*, whoſe Beauty and Vertue made ſo great a noiſe, was a very proper means for the effecting of his deſign. *Liſidor*, who now no more doubted of the change of *Philiſmena*, and who believed that the inequality of Fortune and Quality which ſhe had ſo lately ſeen between them, was the true cauſe of it, was reſolved to vindicate his Honour by ſeconding the Kings Intentions. Neither the Inclination he had for *Philiſmena*, nor the Engagement which was upon him to the King of *Sweden* his Benefactor, could divert him from this thought. He ſacrificed every thing to the pleaſure he ſhould have of triumphing over *Alcander*, by whom he thought himſelf betrayed, and to inſult over the Inconſtancy of *Philiſmena*. In the mean while *Philiſmena* being mortal-

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ly afflicted for the Error that *Liſidor* was in, but too proud to take care to undeceive him, reſolved to watch him, and having heard he went often to viſit *Roſolinda*, ſhe took it mortally to heart, for ſhe had ſo tender a ſenſe of it joyned with ſo infirm a temper of Health, that ſhe fell ſick, and her Life was deſpaired of the very firſt day. *Alcander*, who had for her a moſt tender Eſteem, incenſed at *Liſidor* for the unjuſt ſuſpicion which he had harboured of her and himſelf, and allaramed beſides at the pretenſions which he made to *Roſolinda*, was juſt upon the point of chalenging him, and of letting *Philiſmena* thereby have the pleaſure of ſeeing her ſelf vindicated before ſhe dyed. But being more concerned to do her good, than to revenge her Quarrel, he goes to *Liſidor*, and without loſing time, reproaches him, and demands of him the reaſon of his Inconſtancy. He tells him the condition wherein *Philiſmena* is, and the need ſhe has of his aſſiſtance. *Liſidor* being ſtruck with a ſudden ſurprize, and a deadly Grief, forgetting his laſt Jealouſie and Indignation, feels the ſleeping Paſſion which he had for *Philiſmena* awaken'd

waken'd, throws himſelf at the feet of *Alcander*, and begs pardon for his Error; then immediately raiſing himſelf, let us go, ſaid he, dear *Alcander*, let us go to relieve *Philiſmena*, or to dye with her. They were no ſooner entred her Houſe, but *Alcander* ſent her notice that ſhe might be prepared for the ſight of *Liſidor*. At this Meſſage there appeared through the thick Paleneſs which covered the Face of the ſick *Philiſmena*, to eſcape ſome Rays of Hope and Joy. All thoſe who were in the Rome retired, to give her the opportunity of a free Converſation with *Liſidor*. *Madonte* alone being troubled and ſtruck dumb did not know at firſt what courſe to take; ſhe could not bear the Preſence of *Liſidor*, who being juſt upon the point of juſtifying and clearing himſelf, would diſcover the Cheat which had made him to ſuſpect the Innocence and Faithfulneſs of *Philiſmena*, and being alſo preſt with remorſe of Conſcience, ſhe was tempted to declare all publickly, and to leſſen the Crime, accuſe her ſelf whilſt ſhe was in this uncertainty. *Liſidor* approached the Bed wherein *Philiſmene* lay in a ſtrange diſorder, which increaſed

creaſed at the ſight of the terrible Change he obſerved in her Looks. It is I then, ſaid he, who have brought you into ſo deplorable a Condition, I who am not able to repay with the loſs of my Life, the Goodneſs you have had for me! No, no, cryed out *Madonte*, with a Voice which ſhewed her Grief, and the violence of her Deſpair, it is I, ſaid ſhe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Philiſmene*, it is I alone, who have been cauſe of *Liſidors* Crime, and who have brought you into this miſerable condition; it was my jealous Rage, which made you to paſs for unfaithful in the mind of *Liſidor*: there is no kind of Torment great enough to puniſh my Treachery. She ſpoke theſe words with ſo loud a Voice, that they were heard into the next Chamber, where the Mother of *Philiſmene* was, who returning into her Daughters Chamber, found *Madonte* in a Weakneſs which took away both Motion and Speech from her. She ordered her to be carried into her own Chamber, and after having known the cauſe of ſo great a diſorder, ſhe leaves our two Lovers in a full freedom of Converſation. It was then, ſaid *Philiſmene*, with

with a Voice weakned by her Sickneſs, the Jealouſie of *Madonte* which has been the cauſe of all my Misfortunes, and I ſhall at laſt have this content in dying, that it is not to you alone that the grief which kills me is to be imputed. Oh *Liſidor!* could you give credit to the relations of a ſuſpicious and an intereſted Perſon? How could you believe that I, who loved you at a time when you had nothing to recommend you but your Perſon, and at a vaſt diſtance removed from me, ſhould ceaſe loving you at a time when the Reputation of your Name and Employments render you more amiable, and that a glorious Elevation does bring you nearer to an Equality with me? Could you miſtruſt me in ſo favourable a Conjuncture? I ſee your Repentance in your Tears. It is enough *Liſidor*, comfort your ſelf for the loſs of a Life which did belong to you, but which naturally could not laſt long. I was born with too tender a Health, thô Heaven gave me a Heart to love you always, yet it has given me a Life which cannot be of long continuance. Nothing, replied *Liſidor*, can leſſen my Crime or my Grief, ſhould I have haſten'd

haſten'd your Death but a minute; a Life like mine, no not my whole Life, can repay one minutes loſs of ſo precious a Life as yours. Oh Heavens! unjuſt Heaven! jealous Fortune! hold cried *Philiſmene* in raiſing her Voice, do not draw down upon you the vengeance of that Soveraign Power which diſpoſes of us, do not diſturb theſe laſt moments which ſeem happy enough to me, ſince they reſtore me all your Eſteem and all your Kindneſs. What a Reconciliation, cryed *Liſidor*, is this, which reunites our Hearts only to ſeparate them again with more cruelty? His Grief had gone on further, if having ſtill ſome hopes of the life of *Philiſmene*, he had not feared her Sickneſs would have increaſed by a longer Converſation; he calls her Women, reſtores her into their hands, and conjures them to double their Care of her. *Liſidor* was ſcarce gone out of the Chamber before ſhe relapſed into a Weakneſs which proved mortal, and ſhe being full of the Image of *Liſidor*, ſeeks him round her Bed with diſtracted and dying Eyes, and imagining ſhe ſaw him, ſhe directed her laſt farewells

farewells to him with ſo tender and moving a Languiſhment, that it almoſt killed with grief and pity all thoſe that heard her.

So ſoon as *Liſidor* had heard of the Death of *Philiſmene*, he was ſo afflicted at it, that looking upon himſelf as the principal occaſion of this Misfortune, he abhorred himſelf, he would no more ſee any body, and think of nothing but removing from all that can put him in mind of his Loſs or of his Crime, he begs the King to give him his Audience of Leave in private, and to diſpenſe with his appearance at Court in the diſorder he was in. The King notwithſtanding this Reſolution which he had taken of having him near his Perſon, could not refuſe him this Requeſt.

Alcander having given ſome time to his Grief for the Loſs which he had ſuffered of his Illuſtrious Friend, being preſt very much by his Relations to chuſe a Match amongſt all thoſe propoſed, choſe *Roſolinda*, and having obtained her, he endeavoured to

comfort himself for the Death of *Philismene*, and the Retirement of *Celintha*, by the Possession of a Beauty which was far beyond the other's.

THE

The Second

HISTORY.

IN the tempeſtuous Times which were in *France*, when the *Princes* of *Bourbon*, being fallen from the Greatneſs and Priviledges due to their Birth, the *Houſe* of *Guiſe*, and the *Houſe* of *Montmorency*, raiſed to the higheſt Dignities, gave a natural birth to ſo many Factions and Jealouſies, the natural Springs of fatal Changes and great Revolutions. Theſe Troubles were maintained and augmented by the ſudden and precipitate Death of *Henry* the II. who after having given Peace to *France*, was unfortunately killed in a Turnament by *Montgomery*. The Weakneſs of *Francis* the II. and afterwards the Minority of *Charles* the IX. the Jealouſies about the Government, between the Princes of the Bloud, thoſe of *Guiſe*, the *Conſtable*, and *Queen Ka-*

the-

therine de Medicis, raiſed new Diſturbances, which at laſt brake out into a Civil War. Yet amongſt theſe Diſſentions, in the midſt of theſe Fires which were kindled in all Parts, Love did kindle many others, as if Heaven had a mind thereby to unite Hearts, as Ambition endeavour'd to divide them. The Paſſion which *Henry* the II. had for *Diana Dutcheſs* of *Valentinois*, is very well known: He was more imployed about this Love, than the Laws of his Kingdom, and this Dutcheſs was ſeen to have ſo great a power with the King, that the Duke of *Guiſe*, ſought in her Alliance the ſureſt foundation of his Greatneſs, and the *Conſtable* could find only in the ſame Alliance, wherewith to balance the Intereſt of his Competitor. Theſe two Rivals, with the hazard of making themſelves odious to the Publick, were reſolved to unite with the Bloud of *Diana*, whom the Covetouſneſs of poſſeſſing the Government and Riches, had render'd odious to all *France*. The Duke of *Aumale*, a Brother to the Duke of *Guiſe*, married one of her Daughters, one of her Neeces being married alſo to the Lord of *Argile*, the *Conſtable*'s ſecond Son; *Diana* in ſo great a Poſt

Poſt giving her ſelf wholly up to the Pleaſures of the Court, which a Favour without bounds had furniſhed her with in abundance, inſpired every where an Air of Gallantry, and drew all the World after her by her Example. This I thought fit to premiſe, to give ſome *Idea* of the *Genius* of that Court, and of the ſpirit of the Scene where the Adventure happened, which I am going to relate.

Two Gentlemen of Quality, united by an ancient Friendſhip, and for a long time having eſpouſed the Intereſt of the Royal Family of the *Bourbons*, were deſirous to find a new occaſion of uniting their Families more firmly, by the Marriage of their two Children, whom Heaven ſeemed to have made for each other: The one had a Son whoſe Name was *Octavius*, and the other a Daughter called *Henrietta*.

Octavius was born with a Phyſiognomy which gave great Hopes, and with too fine Features and Complexion for a Perſon of his Sex. His Beauty increaſed with his Age, without his having any of thoſe Faults which commonly accompany Beauty in Men. He avoided with great care, all that might make it be thought

of

of him, that he affected the looking handſom, or that he flatter'd himſelf with being ſo. But there appeared in him with his fineneſs of Feature, a noble and charming Greatneſs, and a meen of Quality.

Henrietta was born with an extraordinary Beauty, and that which ſhe had of ſingular, was a kind of a tender and languiſhing Air, which was equivalent to the moſt ſparkling Vivacity. This languiſhing way of hers, was neither fearfulneſs nor weakneſs, but an agreeable impreſſion of the ſweetneſs of her mind, which manifeſted it ſelf in her face, and did not want a firmneſs and greatneſs of Courage which nothing was able to ſhake.

With this Equality of Birth, Quality, and Merit, it was not difficult to form a perfect Intelligence between *Octavius* and *Henrietta*, and ſuch a one as their Parents would doubtleſs wiſh for one day, to unite them by Marriage. In order to prepare them for this Union, Heaven had given to each for the other ſo violent an Inclination, that no Hiſtory can give a more ſingular and great Example of this ſort of Love. This was not all: The

Death

Death of the Mother of *Henrietta*, ſerved very much to keep up and fortifie this happy Sympathy. Her Father, whom we ſhall here call *Gaſton*, which was his proper Name, although he moſt commonly lived in the Countrey, would not leave his Daughter there; and ſo ſoon as he ſaw himſelf forc'd to follow the Court, to manage all opportunities of ſerving his Party, in a time when two powerful Factions were in a continual motion, he carried her thither with her Governeſs, and put her into the hands of *Octavius* his Mother. *Henrietta* was now entring into her 8*th*. year, and *Octavius* was very near the ſame Age.

So ſoon as they met, there did not appear in their Faces that reſerved and cold air, which is commonly obſerved in Children, at the firſt ſight of Perſons they do not know: There was no need of the Governour and Governeſs taking care to teach them mutual civility: a ſudden motion, a haſty attraction puſhes them forwards towards one another; they run to ſalute, and to embrace each other like Friends, who had been acquainted for a long time. I need not tell you, by how many ſenſible ſigns, and by what a

conformity of opinions, thoughts and desires, they made appear every moment the effects of this wonderful Sympathy; they did so resemble in mind and in heart, that the most exact Picture could less resemble its Original; so that the World was apt to believe, that that which was only the effect of a natural Inclination, was rather that of a studied Imitation. There was no difficulty in making them agree in their Pleasures and Diversions: The first of them who named the Diversion, was followed without hesitation by the other; for when one shewed to have a mind to any thing, there was always found in the other an implicit complyance. There was not to be found between them, those Jealousies which are usually seen between Children, about the Presents, Caresses, or Praises, which are given to them; they put them off from one to the other with a becoming and sincere modesty, when they vyed in their application to the Studies which were common to them both, as History and Geography. This emulation was not the effect of the desire of the one to go beyond the other, but of a violent desire of each to become the more amiable unto the other. It

It may be eaſily judged by the things that I have now ſaid, what a trouble it was to them, when the different imployments of a different Sex forced them to part, and what trouble they underwent by ſuffering the ſhorteſt abſence, and by the impatience they had of ſeeing each other again.

So ſoon as they paſs'd their Childhood, Age had given to *Henrietta* more light to know her ſelf, and that that Inclination which was diſguiſed under the mask of a bare Friendſhip, made it ſelf be felt as a dangerous Paſſion: That Reaſon which ſhe had ſupported by a becoming Baſhfulneſs which uſually accompanies the fair Sex, made her apprehend the diſorders which commonly follow the greateſt Paſſions. Although hers was allowed by her Parents, yet ſhe thought that ſhe ought to retrench a little that great familiarity ſhe had with her Lover, and conform her ſelf to the decency of an Age, which required a more reſerved and cautious Behaviour. But all theſe Reflections were of very little effect, againſt that Inclination which carried her away continually towards *Octavius*; ſo that her Governeſs, for this Reaſon, was forced

to make uſe of all the ſeverity of her Leſ-
ſons, and her Authority; and *Octavius*,
who owed a part of his time, to the Ex-
erciſes which his Age call'd him to, was
forced, againſt his will, to deprive himſelf
of the pleaſure which he had of ſeeing her
at all hours. They could comfort them-
ſelves ſometimes with the joy which
they had, of ſeeing each other from time
to time, and by the certain hopes of
their Marriage, which their Parents very
earneſtly wiſhed for, and only waited for
a favourable opportunity to accompliſh.
But obſerve to how many Changes their
Fortune was expoſed, by the Tye
which it had with that of the State. The
Prince of *Conde*, who was of an unquiet
ſtirring humour, and capable of under-
taking any thing, in order to gratifie his
revenge, and to make himſelf ſtill greater,
having rendred himſelf ſuſpected by the
height of his Fortune, and by his Con-
duct, to have a ſhare in all the Commo-
tions which the *Hugonots* had ſtirred up
in the State; and eſpecially the Conſpi-
racy of *Amboys* provoked *Katherine de Me-
dicis*, and the *Princes* of *Lorrain*, ſo much
ag inſt him, that they thought after ma-
ny uncertain and unſetled Deliberations

it was abſolutely neceſſary to be rid of him, to ſecure the King's Authority, and the Conſtitution of the Government. To effect ſo difficult and ſo dangerous a Matter, many Artifices were made uſe of: They reſolved to hold a general Aſſembly of the three Eſtates, and to draw the Princes of the Blood thither, who were retired from Court. There were very favourable Declarations publiſht, which lull'd aſleep the Suſpicions of the Great ones, and quieted the minds of the Conſpirators. The *Princes* of *Bourbon*, and the *Conſtable*, being called to the States by the King's Writ, promiſed to go, but prolonged the time by falſe pretences and frivolous excuſes, the *King* making them be preſt by the *Count de Cruſſol*, and the *Marſhal de St. André*, and eſpecially by the *Marſhal de Termes*, who raiſed an Army, and threatned he would make them obey by force of Arms, the reſolution which they had taken to believe only their own Judgment, which continually filled them with invincible diſtruſts, is at laſt ſhaken. The *Cardinal* of *Bourbon*, a Prince who was a Friend to Peace, and a mortal Enemy of Factions and Novelties, having at length gained

them, the *King* of *Navarr* and the *Prince* of *Bourbon* depart from *Bearn*, and come to *Orleans*, where the States were assembled. There are immediately new Guards put upon the *King* of *Navarr*, to be secure of him, and the *Prince* of *Conde* is arrested and condemned to lose his Life: What were the Alarms of *Octavius* and *Henrietta*, to see the Heads of their Party in the hands of their Enemies, and in Dangers that were inevitable? but also what was the joy which succeeded these cruel Afflictions, when the sudden Death of *Francis* the 2*d*. restored liberty to the *Prince* of *Conde*, safety to the *King* of *Navarr*, and hopes to all those of their Party? In the Conjuncture of so favourable a Revolution, *Octavius* presses his Marriage, the Parents Consent and all was disposed for the satisfaction of our two Lovers, when the accomplishment of it was suspended by the Impatience of the Princes, who now thought of nothing but their Interest, which was without delay to make a good use of so advantagious an opportunity, and to seize immediately upon the Power of the Government. The *King* of *Navarr* sends the Father of *Octavius* to the *Consta-*

ſtable, who was abſent, to ſtir up his diligence, and to haſten the helps which he expected from the ſtability and wiſdom of his Councels. On the other ſide, the *Prince* of *Conde* burning with the deſire of revenging himſelf, and making uſe in order thereto of the *Hugonot* Faction, which was ſtirring almoſt in all Parts of the Kingdom, ſends the Father of *Henrietta* to the chiefeſt of the Party, to keep up their heat, and to make it break out upon occaſion. Things being in this condition, imagine if you can, the Trouble *Octavius* and *Henrietta* were in, whoſe tender minds, afflicted by the preſent Diſorders, were yet more ſo by the Fears of a more terrible futurity. What, ſaid they to each other, muſt the fate of our Love follow the Revolutions of State? and muſt our happineſs depend upon a calm, which ſo many different Intereſts render almoſt impoſſible? The Jealouſie of two powerful Factions, the Ambition of the Queen, who was reſolved to preſerve a Soveraignty and an Independance in her Government of the King and Kingdom, the juſt pretenſions of the Princes of *Bourbon*, who by the priviledges of their Blood, ought to h ve

the greateſt ſhare in the adminiſtration of Affairs, during the King's Minority, the credit of the Houſe of *Lorrain*, whom a long poſſeſſion of the principal Dignities of the State, had made more obſtinate to preſerve the haughtineſs of the *Duke* of *Guiſe*, who knew himſelf to have a greatneſs of mind ſo proper for Command: the couragious vertue of the *Conſtable*, who without intermiſſion uſed all his Endeavours for the publick good, without ſuffering himſelf to be corrupted by the Friendſhip he owed to the *Princes* of the *Blood* his Allies, nor by the Hatred which he bare to the Princes of *Lorrain* his Rivals, and his declared Enemies. Add to this, the zeal for the Proteſtant Religion: How many Obſtacles, ſaid the ſorrowful *Henrietta*, in that languiſhing tone which rendred her voice ſo ſweet and tender? how many Obſtacles, ſaid ſhe, do oppoſe this Calm ſo much wiſhed for, which contributing ſo much to the ſafety of the State, ought to be the height of our Wiſhes? Do our Parents ſerve the Princes with ſo much paſſion, that they cannot be allowed to give themſelves a moment of reſt to accompliſh our Happineſs? But why, added

ſhe,

ſhe, ſhould we complain of our Fate? Is it not enough for us, that Heaven has poured into our hearts that perfect harmony which makes the happineſs of Lovers? Oh Madam, cried out *Octavius!* do you count the poſſeſſion of that which one loves nothing? and does there want any thing towards that conformity of thoughts and deſires which ought to be between us, to anſwer to this mutual inclination? Let us equally wiſh for what may render us equally happy: All that comforts us, is to ſee that the Diſorders of the State which retard our Happineſs, cannot ſeparate us aſunder, becauſe my Father and yours are of the ſame Party, my Father belonging to the *King* of *Navarr*, yours to the *Prince* of *Conde*; for who can ever ſeparate two Brothers, united with ſo many Tyes of Blood, Friendſhip and Honour?

Whilſt our Lovers flatter'd themſelves thus, the *Prince* of *Conde* who could not remain in a quiet condition, whilſt he ſaw himſelf kept at a diſtance from the Place, which he thought belonged to him by the right of his Birth, and the greatneſs of his Courage, ſeeing himſelf ſeconded by Admiral *Chaſtillon*, made

himſelf Protector of the *Hugonots*, whoſe Number and Power increaſed daily. This Prince being bred up in the Doctrine of *Calvin*; and full of that Spirit of Independency and Rebellion, which animates his Followers, endeavours in vain to get to his Party the *Conſtable* and the *King* of *Navarr*. The firſt being fixt in the Religion of the State, and of his Anceſtors, who bragged of their being the firſt Chriſtians, hearkned to nothing againſt his Duty; the other, whoſe unſteady Belief was at laſt fixt in that of the Roman Catholicks, condemns aloud that which the Church of *Rome* has condemned, and takes her Part. Queen *Jane* his Wife endeavonred to make him change his Reſolution, but he judged that for a Prince, who might pretend to the Crown, the Religion of our Kings was the eaſieſt way to it.

This reſolution of the King of *Navar*, which united him with the Duke of *Guiſe* and the Conſtable, although it was grounded upon plauſible reaſons and pretences, did notwithſtanding aſtoniſh all the World, ſurpriſe the Politicks of our Courtiers, throw confuſion into the *Hugonot* Party, and indignation into

into the mind of the Prince of *Conde*, and eſpecially ſtruck the hearts of *Octavius* and *Henrietta* with the moſt mortal ſtroak that they could ever receive. They immediately ſaw that their Separation muſt neceſſarily follow the Diviſion of the two Brothers. In effect, *Gaſton* Father to *Henrietta*, who though bred up a Roman Catholick, yet had no other Religion but that of his Maſter, or rather that which ſuited beſt with his Ambition, a man full of the Spirit and Character of his Party, that is to ſay, fiery and impetuous, thinks immediately of withdrawing his Daughter out of the hands of the Mother of *Octavius*. He goes to her Houſe, and having found *Octavius* with *Henrietta*, *Octavius*, ſaid he abruptly, all commerce muſt be broken between you and my Daughter; Heaven and Love had given her to you, and I had deſigned her for you my ſelf; but the King of *Navarre* out of a weak and ambitious Policy, ſuffering his Eyes to be dazled with the proſpect of a Crown, although he ſees it but afar off, ſacrifices, with diſtant and doubtful hopes, his Party, his Honour, and his Conſcience. This Prince

in

in breaking with his Brother to joyn with his Enemy, has broken all the Bonds which tied my Houſe to yours; more eſpecially, ſince it is your Father who (being one of his greateſt Favourites) has chiefly contributed towards this Re-union, and thereby has declared himſelf the greateſt of our Enemies. I will give you no advice which may make a breach between the Son and the Father, every one ought in the Intereſts of a Party or Religion, to follow his own Reaſon or his Pretenſions. I ſhall only ſay, that if you love my Daughter, Love is able to do all things in ſo great a Heart as yours, and ought to ſet you above the weakneſs of common Men. I give you the reſt of this day to think of it. I have alſo buſineſs of my own to look after, and Orders from the Prince of *Conde* to execute unto the Queen, ſo I muſt leave you in the mean while to take your Reſolution.

Our two Lovers overwhelmed by a Diſcourſe which threatned them with an inevitable Separation, asked each other, in a Language mixed with Sighs and Tears, what courſe was to be taken

ken in this horrible extremity of Affairs. It is now dear *Octavius*, ſaid the diſconſolate *Henrietta* to him, with a mortal Grief, that we muſt part for ever. Yes, for ever, replied *Octavius*, in a Tone which even pierced the Heart of *Henrietta*, but what miracle can ever unite Intereſts which are ſo oppoſite to each other? If hitherto your Father by the little zeal he had for his Religion, ſuffered you to be bred up a Roman Catholick by your Mother, at preſent that he is thus carried away with zeal for the Hugonot Religion, will he ever ſuffer his Daughter to be of another? and I, whoſe Birth and Inclination have made me of your Religion; muſt I change, if you are forced to change your Religion? Nothing *Octavius*, replied *Henrietta*, can make me change either my Religion or my Love, both come to me from Heaven, and that perfect Simpathy which is between us, inſpiring us with the ſame thoughts, anſwers me for your Conſtancy, and it is, cried out *Octavius*, that which makes the greateſt of our Misfortunes, and which expoſes us to the violence of our Parents. We owe them an Obedience without any reſervation,

and

and that ſupream Power which Heaven gives them over us, engaging us in different Parties, muſt moſt unmercifully deprive us of the Converſation of each other. Add to the mortal Affliction I ſhall ſuffer by ceaſing to ſee you, all the Misfortunes which are natural Conſequences of Civil Broils. Being now of an Age to bear Arms, I may (perhaps) be forced to fight with our beſt Friends, and it may be (I tremble at this terrible Thought, in the blind Fury of the Fights, the firſt ſtroak of my Sword may fall upon the Father of my dear *Henrietta.*

In the mean time, whilſt our two Lovers diſcourſed of a matter which was ſo afflicting and ſorrowful, *Katherine de Medicis* was full of mortal Diſquiet, and took ſtrange allarms at the extraordinary Union between the *King* of *Navarre* and the Duke of *Guiſe.* This cunning and diſtruſtful *Queen* judging others by her ſelf, imputed their Union to as dangerous a Policy as her own; and doubted not but that the Chiefs of the Party had promiſed each other mutual Aſſiſtance, to procure themſelves all the ſhare they pretended to in the Government.

ment. To break their Deſigns, ſhe thought it neceſſary to make uſe of the Counterpoiſe which ſhe had always done with ſo much ſucceſs; that is to ſay, to balance the ſtrength of the two Parties, and hinder the one from weighing down the other, that ſhe might not be oppreſt by that Party which ſhould have the advantage.

In order to this, ſhe pretends to manage a ſecret Correſpondence with the contrary Party; ſhe expreſſes her ſelf concerning their Beliefs in ambitious and ſuſpicious Terms, which made her own become doubtful; ſhe confers with the moſt intimate of the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Councils, and makes them advantagious Promiſes. She writes to her Ambaſſadors Letters which ſeem to favour the *Hugonots* Religion, and which allarm'd the Court of *Rome*; ſhe hearkens to the Propoſitions made to her by the Father of *Henrietta*, on the behalf of the *Prince* of *Condé*. She does more, ſhe deſires the Father of *Henrietta* to let his Daughter be one of her Maids of Honour, and promiſes him to procure her a very advantagious Settlement. *Gaſton* accepts of the Offers made to him by the Queen

with

with a great deal of joy, and tells her ſhe may entirely diſpoſe of his Daughter, and that it was abſolutely neceſſary to break the Commerce which was between her and *Octavius*, and deſtroy the Friendſhip which they had contracted from their Childhood; the Queen promiſes every thing for the ſake of the Complaiſance ſhe would ſhew to one of the Favourites of the Prince of *Condé*, and for other private ends. For ſhe thought that ſhe might be able to bring over to her Party thoſe in whom ſo extraordinary a Beauty as that of *Henrietta* might inſpire Love. She thought alſo the King being juſt entring into an Age which would enable him to feel this Paſſion, it was fit to give him a Miſtreſs, or at leaſt an *Amuſement* which ſhe could diſpoſe of, and ſo prevent his engaging to any other Beauty, whoſe Quality and Ambition might renew the Example of *Diana* Dutcheſs of *Valentinais*, who was a long time her Rival in Authority and Greatneſs.

The next morning *Gaſton* brings his Daughter to the Queen; and having informed her of the Intentions that Princeſs had in relation to *Octavius*, leaves her

her with her, greatly ſurpriſed that the Threats of her Father, which were to remove her into the Country for ever, ended in ſo honourable a Retreat, as this Relation to the Court, which left her ſome hopes of ſeeing her Love ſometimes, although ſhe ſhould not have the liberty of ſpeaking to him. *Octavius*'s Joy was not leſs, but it was ſoon changed by the ſudden departure of his Father, who being obliged by the Orders he received from the King of *Navarr* to put himſelf at the Head of ſome of his Forces to ſurprize a Town which was of the *Hugonot* Faction, was deſirous to have his Son with him in this Expedition, that he might inſtruct him in the Rudiments of War.

Whileſt *Octavius*, who was not leſs valiant than handſome, ſignalized himſelf under his Fathers Command, *Henrietta* ſhined at Court, as much for her Vertue as for her Beauty, ſhe attracted the Eyes of all the World, and the King himſelf lookt upon her with an attention which made the whole Court believe that what he felt for her might in time become a true Paſſion.

Octavius

Octavius who had gained Reputation in this laſt Enterpriſe which his Father had executed with a great deal of Vigor, came back to *Paris*, and brought back with him from this little Campagn, which he had made, a certain maſculine and warlike Air, which with that natural Greatneſs which accompanied his Beauty, did very much ſet him off. He came back by the Orders of his Father to give an account of an Expedition to the King, which the King of *Navarr* had entruſted him with. He made the Relation of all that had happened, with an aſſurance, and in terms which were beyond his Age and his Experience. The Queen who was preſent, heard him with pleaſure, and as ſhe made every thing of uſe to her own intereſt, ſhe thought ſhe ought to gain a young Gentleman, who in the firſt tryal that way made of him, gave ſuch great hopes of his Wit and Courage. But it was alſo of importance to her, not to diſpleaſe the Father of *Henrietta*, ſhe therefore renewed the Prohibition which ſhe had made to *Octavius* not to ſpeak to her. It is true, that to correct the ſeverity of this Order, it was given him

him in the ſweeteſt terms, and with thoſe flattering Promiſes wherewith ſhe was wont to amuſe thoſe ſhe thought fit to make uſe of.

Octavius not daring immediately to offend againſt the Duty which he owed to the Queen, anſwered exactly her Intentions, but finding the Court filled with the Name of *Henrietta*, and the noiſe of her Conqueſts, ſeeing her beſieged with a crowd of Lovers, and even diſtinguiſhed by the Complaiſances the King had for her, he could not hinder himſelf from being touched a little with Jealouſie, and from miſtruſting the conſtancy of *Henrietta*, and he thought that he could not overcome his Miſtruſt, if he were not cleared, and aſſured of it by the mouth of his beautiful Miſtreſs. But what way was there to approach her, without being ſeen in the great Light where ſhe ſtood, nothing could hide him from ſo many Eyes, whether curious, amorous, or jealous; which notwithſtanding the violent deſire he had to ſee *Henrietta*, at laſt made him venture to paſs through.

The Queen having at laſt by her skill ballanced the Power of the two Parties, and

and ſetled by this conduct her own liberty, and that of her Children, goes out of *Paris*, and carries the King to *Fountain bleau*, to eaſe her ſelf of the importunity of both Factions.

The King who as young as he was, had skill and penetration of mind, and by the example of the moſt skilful and cunning Queen that ever was, had learnt the Art of Diſſembling, Diſguiſed all his thoughts of her conduct, with which he was not too well ſatisfied. The Partialities and the Cabals which rent the Eſtate, and which the Queen kept up; this Jealouſie of Authority which ſhe would have entirely in her ſelf, troubled him very much; but not daring to make it appear, to hide it the more, he affected a contented neglect of his Greatneſs, and an earneſt purſuit of all ſorts of Diverſions. One day having prepared a magnificent Hunting-match, where the Ladies were to aſſiſt on Horſe-back with a moſt glorious Equipage, and *Henrietta* being of the Match, *Octavius* thought, being adviſed by a Lady that was his Friend, that his Face being handſom enough to diſguiſe himſelf in Womans Cloaths, and very like a Siſter of his that was at Court,

he

he might dreſs himſelf like the other Ladies, only deſiring his Siſter to hide her ſelf the Hunting-day, to give him the opportunity of paſſing for her. Although he was ſtartled at the ſhame he ſhould be in, if he were ſurprized in ſuch a diſguiſe, yet he was reſolved to hazard every thing for this ſatisfaction. Being therefore thus diſguiſed, he goes not to the general Rendezvous with the others, but ſtays till the Chaſe was begun: The Lady who accompanied him, and aſſiſted him in this Stratagem, leaving him behind in a remarkable place, puts on her Horſe towards the Company there to ſpeak with *Henrietta*. Having approached her, ſhe leads her away inſenſibly, and conducts her to the place where *Octavius* waited for her with impatience. So ſoon as ſhe had perceived him, his diſguiſe did not at all make him unknown to her: At the firſt ſight the different motions which were raiſed in her heart appeared in her Face; the ſurprizal of the diſguiſe, and of ſo unforeſeen a Meeting, the fear of having this myſtery diſcovered, and the joy of having the opportunity to converſe with a Lover. *Octavius* whoſe mind was wholly poſſeſt with

with the pleaſure of ſeeing the Perſon he loved ſo near, without conſidering the danger of his diſguiſe, and all the circumſtances of ſo dangerous an interview, throws himſelf at the feet of *Henrietta*, and abandoning himſelf to all that his paſſion inſpired him, he expreſſes to her the troubles which her removal from him had cauſed, and the diſorders of an amorous and a jealous heart, and at laſt requires from her new aſſurances of her Conſtancy. *Henrietta* makes him ſome ſoft reproaches for his Fears and his Jealouſies, and ſays to him a hundred obliging things with that charming and innocent ſweetneſs, that it fully perſwaded him, and affected him very nearly. Whilſt they were both thus taſting the particular Joys, which commonly private and ſtolen Converſations do afford to Lovers, two unknown young Gentlemen, who were invited to the Forreſt by the noiſe of this Hunting, having perceived *Octavius* and *Henrietta*, and having taken them both for Women, were immediately ſeized with that indiſcreet curioſity which commonly accompanies imprudent Youths. They alighted from their Horſes to approach them with the leſs

leſs noiſe, but having looked upon them nearer, they were ſtrucken the more with their beauty. Their ſurprize was followed by a violent diſturbance, which was cauſed by a confuſed mixture of fear, reſpect and deſire. Full of an impetuous and giddy paſſion, which place and opportunity had given riſe to in theſe two young hearts, they take a reſolution of undertaking any thing. Hereupon they accoſt our two Lovers with civility enough, but withal diſcovered a confidence which would not ſtop there: Imagine what aſtoniſhment *Octavius* and *Henrietta* were in at ſo ſurprizing an accident; the different thoughts and motives which agitated their minds in ſo ſtrange a Conjuncture, cannot be expreſt. *Henrietta* immediately foreſees a thouſand dangers for her ſelf and her Lover, *Octavius* ſhakes too with horror and anger. After ſome diſcourſe, wherein theſe unknown Sparks intermingled flat and groſs praiſes, accompanied with raillery, wherein they ſhewed a great deal of impudence, and little breeding, one takes *Henrietta* by the hand, and the other *Octavius* telling them they muſt part, and make two Converſations by themſelves, to explain them-

themſelves with more liberty, and to taſte the ſweets of one to one alone. *Octavius* provoked by this Inſolence, who ſeemed to affect the fears of another Sex, the better to diſguiſe his own, could no longer reſtrain himſelf; he falls upon the Sword of one of theſe raſh Youths, and having diſarmed him, attacks the other, who ſurprized and amazed at the courage of *Octavius* whom he took for a Woman, did only parry in going back, but *Octavius* preſſed him ſo home, that he was forced at laſt to defend himſelf. The Combat was at laſt bloody; in the mean while he who was without a Sword, runs to his Piſtols, and returns again upon *Octavius*, who had already dangerouſly wounded his Adverſary. *Octavius* receives a Piſtol-ſhot, which hurt him in the Arm, and without feeling his hurt, purſues his Enemy, who ſeeing his Companion upon the ground, ſaves himſelf by flight, and loſes himſelf in the thickneſs of the Forreſt. The noiſe of the Dueliſts, the report of the Piſtol, the cares of *Octavius* his Friend, who having perceived from afar what paſſed, had called for help, drew together ſome of the Hunters to the place of Fight. They found

found *Henrietta* oppreſt with grief and fear; one of the unknown Men, dying of his wounds, and *Octavius* pale and fainting with the loſs of bloud, and who being leſs concerned for his Life than the ſecret of his Diſguiſe, would have ſtollen from the ſight and aſſiſtance of thoſe who were come thither. The diſconſolate *Henrietta* imploys all that the oppreſſion and natural languiſhment ſhe was under, had left her of voice and ſtrength, to implore the aſſiſtance of thoſe who were about her for *Octavius*. She diſguiſes nothing, and relates the Adventure, with the plainneſs which always accompanies great Griefs. All thoſe who heard her were moved, and eſpecially a foreign Prince who was in the ſervice of the *King* of *Navarr*, and being preſent at this Spectacle, was pierced by the tears of *Henrietta*, and having naturally a paſſionate and a ſenſible Soul. The noiſe of this great Accident being ſpread amongſt all the Hunters, and being come to the ears of the King and the Queen-Mother, the King who felt ſome inclination for *Henrietta*, finding the noiſe which the paſſion between her and *Octavius* now made, ſuffered himſelf to be overcome with a jea-

lous melancholy, notwithstanding which he knew how to dissemble, and at last had power to conquer his Resentments. The Queen was openly incensed at the rashness of *Octavius*, and the forreign Prince, who had been so affected with the misfortune of *Henrietta*, felt this pity change into another passion which was more tender and more violent. But as he had as much Generosity as Love, the first step which he made to please *Henrietta*, was to concern himself for *Octavius*, and to obtain his pardon from the Queen; he supposed that this service would render the design he had upon *Henrietta* more plausible and agreeable; he was desirous at least to diminish the grief of his Rival, and make his misfortune more supportable. He obtains therefore from the Queen *Henrietta* for himself, and a Pardon for *Octavius*, upon condition that *Octavius* should remove from the Court some time, for an expiation of his Fault. *Octavius* having with an intolerable grief heard all that had pass'd, and seeing there was nothing to be hoped for from the Queen, resolved to go unto his Rival. He hoped that he should find him generous enough to be moved by his tears,

tears, or at leaſt if he had hard-heartedneſs enough to keep from him *Henrietta*, the ſenſe of his injuſtice would make him fear the fury of a deſperate Lover. He comes privately to *Paris*, where the Court was, and having met with a favourable opportunity to ſpeak with the Prince in private, without being overheard by any body, he ſpoke to him in ſuch moving terms, and in ſo paſſionate a tone, that the Prince could not forbear ſhedding of ſome tears. But perceiving that he could obtain from his Rival but a uſeleſs pity, and ſeeing it would not prevail with him to yield up *Henrietta* to him, My Lord, ſaid he, with a reſpectful grief and indignation, Would a Prince like you, who are the glory of your own Nation, and the admiration of ours, break the fineſt knots that Heaven and Love ever yet tyed? Would you poſſeſs *Henrietta* without her conſent, and diſhonour your ſelf by ſo hateful a violence? Cruel *Octavius*, anſwer'd the Prince, with a little trouble, but in a modeſt and ſoft voice, Would you have me impoſe upon my ſelf the moſt cruel of all Violences, to ſpare you that which you reproach me with? Would you have my

paſſion and my generoſity render me the moſt unhappy of all men, and a little Honour coſt me Troubles which will never ceaſe? No, no, replied *Octavius* ſomewhat briskly, *Henrietta* is not a Jewel that can be yielded voluntarily, and ſhe is not one which can be eaſily torn from my Love, much leſs poſſeſt againſt her own will. So ſoon as he had finiſhed ſpeaking, he left the Prince, without giving him time to anſwer. The Prince who did not doubt but that *Octavius* would venture a Viſit to *Henrietta*, what danger ſoever he might run thereby, was reſolved to be there before him, believing he might eaſily be ſo, for he did not think it was ſo eaſie for *Octavius* to obtain leave to do it; but the diligence of *Octavius* was ſo great and ſo happy, that he came firſt to her, by reaſon of the Correſpondence he had with a Servant which had been with her a long time. So ſoon as he was come to her, What do I ſee, cried *Henrietta?* do you come to ruine me by your preſence, and to renew my Fears, by expoſing your ſelf afreſh again to the Queens Reſentment? Alas! what have I to conſider, anſwer'd *Octavius*, when I loſe you? what Dangers do

you

you fear for me, when you take from me that which is dearer to me than my Life? If you ſpeak of my Heart, replied *Henrietta*, and of all the tenderneſs of which it is capable, comfort your ſelf *Octavius*; there will nothing of it be taken from you, it is and ever ſhall be yours, both by the gift which Heaven hath made of it to you, and by a merit which I prefer to the moſt cryed up Fortunes. The Queen and my Relations may diſpoſe of my Perſon, but not of my Love. Ah! replied *Octavius*, Such a Huſband as my Rival, ſo accompliſht a Prince, whoſe vertue equals his birth, being Maſter of your Perſon, will ſoon be ſo of your Heart. I could wiſh it would pleaſe Heaven, ſaid ſhe, that I were able to change, and that the force of the duty which I owe to the Husband who ſhall be given to me, could break thoſe chains which tye me to you; but I know my ſelf too well to expect ſo happy a change. Separated from what I love, and indiſpenſably united with a lovely Prince whom I ſhall never love, I ſhall ſuffer all that can be endured by a Soul that is ſenſible in the moſt violent and diſmalleſt of conditions. All that can comfort me or

you, dear *Octovius*, is that the violence of my torment will hinder the duration of it; you will soon lament my Death, but you shall never have the trouble to bewail my Inconstancy. The Prince who was come to the House of *Henrietta*, and who had been prevented by *Octavius*, having slipt behind a Skreen in her Chamber, so as to hear without being seen, was so moved by this tender and sad Conversation, that he could not restrain that generous pity which he naturally had for the sufferings of others. No, no, said he, discovering himself, you shall not die, fair *Henrietta*; my passion as violent as it is, knows how to respect yours; I should deserve the just anger of Heaven, if I separated two hearts which it has so well united: The gift which has been made to me of your Person, although it be of an infinite value, cannot defend me from the cruel reproaches which I should make unto my self without intermission, if I should take you away from your Lover, and from your self; I had rather deserve you by yielding you, than possess you by making my self unworthy of you.

At

At theſe words, which were ſo moving and generous, what a ſudden change was there made in the Souls of our Lovers! A tranſport of Joy and Gratitude ſucceeding a fatal Deſpair, makes them immediately throw themſelves at the feet of the Prince: What do you do, ſaid he, in raiſing them up? would you by this exceſs of joy make me feel the more the greatneſs of my loſs? let me ſteal away from your thanks, and go without delay to the Queen to finiſh your happineſs, that I may be no more in a condition of diſturbing your quiet, and of re-taking the Treaſure which I now yield. He goes out, ſpeaking theſe laſt words, and after having wiped away ſome tears which he could not forbear, he runs to the Queen, begs of her the Pardon and Return of *Octavius*, and her conſent to his Marriage with *Henrietta*. The noiſe of this Action of the Prince was immediately ſpread abroad, and he was comforted for the unhappineſs of his Love, by the Honour which he had of overcoming it, and by ſhewing this great Example in a Court, where every thing was actuated by an ambitious and ſelfiſh Policy.

Octavius and *Henrietta* were soon informed of their Happiness, and the time of their Marriage soon agreed upon, which was accomplisht with a great deal of Joy and Magnificence.

BRITISH MUSEUM 8 JUL 36

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12 *Mythridates* King of *Pontus.*
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